

# The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1839.

N<sup>o</sup>. 39.

OFFICE IN ASTOR HOUSE, NO. 8 BARCLAY STREET.....EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND T. O. PORTER.....TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

## THE CORSAIR OF THIS DAY CONTAINS:—

	Page.		Page.
Jottings Down.....	617	The Horseman's Song.....	609
The British Queen.....	619	Only one Night at Sea.....	609
The Season of Anniversaries.....	619	The Romance of Fact.....	617
Case of Mr. Henderson, the Texian Minister.....	619	The Theatre.....	621
The Daguerreotype.....	619	The Park.....	621
The Storm Kings.....	619	New Chatham.....	621
Democracy in America.....	619	Arrival of the Liverpool.....	620
Homer, Dante, Rabelais and Shakspeare.....	609	Poems by Robert M. Charlton and Thomas J. Charlton.....	620
The Betrothed.....	611	The Knickerbocker.....	620
The Flying Dutchman.....	614	Henry of Guise.....	620
Theatrical Anecdotes.....	616	Sultan Mahmoud's last appearance in Public.....	616
Public Dinners.....	621	Destructive Torrents in the Alps.....	623

## THE HORSEMAN'S SONG.

Up, up my gallant steed, arise !  
We'll find a world of freedom yet,  
Although the foeman's cunning tries  
An ambush round our path to set,  
Come, bear thee well, my noble steed !  
The oak-wreath beckons from the plain ;  
Stretch on ! stretch on ! and with me speed  
Into the battle's storm again.

It joys the daring horseman's mood  
Swift spurring o'er the field to go ;  
It never checks his mantling blood  
To see who writhe in dust below :  
Behind him all he fights to save—  
His home, his child, his wife adored ;  
Before him—freedom or a grave ;  
And in his hand—his sword.

He goes unto a bridal feast,  
A marriage garland his to wear ;  
And should he tarry in the least,  
Our brotherhood he may not share !  
For Honour is the marriage guest,  
The bride our father-land,  
Who clasps her fondly to his breast,  
Has dared 'gainst Death to stand.

Soft, should he fall, his rest will be,  
A glorious slumber his, to prove,  
Her arms shall fold him tenderly,  
And o'er his sleep shall watch her love ;  
And when the oak-branch, in the spring,  
Shall with its leaflets deck the spray,  
Proudly a wreath she'll o'er him fling,  
While he in freedom's world doth stray.

So who may stand, or who may fall,  
Upon the trodden field of fate,  
On whom the battle's chance may call,  
We calmly can await ;  
Though one in German freedom's fight  
Into the grave descend,  
While others war in victory's light,  
To either lot we bend.

If victory waits us from our Lord,  
'Gainst fate let every heart be steel'd ;  
Yes ; God's own hand shall guide our sword—  
His arm shall hold our shield.  
Already rings the battle's sound,  
So, up my gallant horse, awake !  
Though all the devils hemm'd us round,  
Yet through them should'st thou break.

L. F.

## ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

In the advertisement which announced that the steamer PULASKI was ready to convey passengers to her destined port, a strong inducement held out was, that she would be "only one night at sea." The terrible consequences of that "one night" we all know and shudder at.

"Only one night at sea,"—  
"T was thus the promise ran,  
By frail, presumptuous mortal given,  
To vain, confiding man,—  
"Only one night at sea,  
And land shall bless thy sight,  
When morning's rays dispel  
The shadows of that night."  
The pledge has been received,

The vessel leaves the shore,  
Bearing the beautiful and brave,  
Who ne'er shall greet us more ;  
And every heart beats high,  
As bounding o'er the wave,  
The gallant bark moves on  
To bear them to their grave.

The merry beams of day  
Before the darkness flee,  
And gloomy night comes slowly on,  
That "only night at sea ;"  
The watch upon the deck,  
Their weary vigils keep,  
And countless stars look down  
In beauty o'er the deep.

Within that stately boat  
The prattler's voice is still,  
And beauty's lovely form is there,  
Unheeding of the ill ;  
And manhood's vigorous mind  
Is wrapped in deep repose,  
And sorrow's victim lies  
Forgetful of his woes.

But hark ! that sound,  
That wild, appalling cry,  
That wakes the sleepers from their dream,  
And rouses them—to die :  
Ah, who shall tell the hopes  
That rose, so soon to flee ;  
The good resolves destroyed  
By that "one night at sea !"

That hour hath passed away,  
The morning's beams are bright,  
As if they met no record there,  
Of that all-fearful night ;  
But many souls have fled  
To far eternity,  
And many hearts been wrecked  
In that "one night at sea."

Great God ! whose hand hath launched  
Our boat upon life's sea,  
And given us as a pilot there,  
A spirit bold and free,  
So guide us with thy love,  
That our frail bark may be,  
Mid waves of doubt and fear,  
"Only one night at sea."

## HOMER, DANTE, RABELAIS, AND SHAKSPEARE.

BY AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

CHATEAUBRIAND,—the gentleman born and bred,—the scholar, book-read and travel-taught,—the enthusiast, with the chivalry of days gone by,—the man of genius, with the consciousness of the past and present, and the insight vouchsafed to mighty minds of that which is to come,—has declared how much the world owes, and must ever continue to owe, to those master-spirits whose conquests have been purely intellectual,—to Homer, Dante, Rabelais, and Shakspeare ; and has demonstrated, that in the altered state of society no future author can exercise the like power ; in other words, that the time for "universal individualities" has forever passed away. "Those parent geniuses (he observes) appear to have borne and suckled all the others. Homer fertilised antiquity : *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Aristophanes*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, were his sons. Dante, in like manner, fathers modern Italy, from *Petrarch* to *Tasso*. Rabelais created the literature of France : *Montaigne*, *Lafontaine*, *Moliere*, descend from him. England owes all to Shakspeare. People often deny the authority of these supreme masters : they rebel against them,—enumerate their defects,—accuse them of tediousness, prolixity, absurdity, and bad taste, even while robbing them, and decking themselves in their spoils ; but they struggle in vain beneath their yoke. Every thing is painted with their colours ; everywhere they stamp their impress. They invent names and words, which have enriched the general vocabulary of nations. Their sayings, their phrases, have become proverbs ; their fictitious characters, real persons, who have heirs and lineage : they open horizons whence rush forth floods of light ; they sow ideas, the germs of a thousand others ; they furnish imagination, subjects, styles, to all the arts. Their works are inexhaustible mines, or the very bowels of the human mind."

Of Homer and Shakspeare it is not now my purpose to speak in other than general terms. I am led to say something about Rabelais, and to

do so without some allusion to his great compeers would not be desirable, if it were indeed possible. First, a distinction strikes us between the fortunes, in respect to fame, of "the dead Kings of melody," and the more mortal men of genius. The glory of Dante and Rabelais is great upon earth; but it is not boundless; it is sensible of climate; it is touched by manners; it is affected by time, and by events. Thus, whilst their works will always, I apprehend, continue to be the sources whence every mark-worthy current of their country's literature may be traced, on the other hand, the works of Homer and Shakespeare must, from their pure essence, for ever exercise an universal influence on the literature of civilised mankind: and wherefore so? Because they are unalloyed by any thing of mere mortal clay; because they are not circumscribed by circumstance; because they are not affected by the qualities or conditions of time or place; and because they have within themselves a principle of life and motion, and a power of creation which must preserve them inexhaustible and incorruptible as the ocean floods. From their inscrutable depths all poetry will flow—into their bosom all poetry will ebb, for all generations.

I would proceed to say, in these works of Homer and of Shakspeare, vast and illimitable to our mental vision as the ocean is to our physical view, there is no touch of individuality—no touch of idiosyncrasy. There is nothing in common between the breathing men and the inspired poems,—no more, at least, than there was between the divine oracles and the incapable substances from which, at his caprice, the king Apollo, god of prophecies, caused them to issue; now from the bosom of an oak, now from the recesses of a cavern, and now from the cold lips of a chiselled stone.

The works, then, of Homer and of Shakspeare may be spoken of without reference to the men by whom they were produced. This cannot be done with respect to Dante and Rabelais. Hence the distinction. The savour of mortality which connects the dead author with his living book is in no sort to be discovered in the works of the two mightier masters. The breath was breathed, and it gave life: its mission was performed, and it ceased to be; but its creations live, and will live always. With the men Dante and Rabelais, however, some portion of their works died: more sunk into oblivion with their generation. The Florentine and the Frenchman, and something, too, of their respective fortunes, were bound up in their works; more, however, in the instance of Dante than of Rabelais. Therefore, he who chooses to play the buffoon approaches nearer in the spirit to Homer and to Shakspeare than the author of the *Divina Comedia*. Dante created as well the language as the literature of his country. His style amongst authors is even as that of the Catholic king, *Yo el Rey!* His work is not alone Italian,—it is personal: Dante himself it is who sees, encounters, and describes every shape named in his astounding narrative. He has, with a forlorn audacity, seized the pen which dropped from the hand of the apostle. Yet, alas for human nature! we are made to feel that whether, vain mortal! he leads us through Purgatory, Paradise, or Hell, every good and evil passion of his heart is still in Florence. The poem, too, is the most unfeignedly melancholy that was ever yet composed: it has the shadow of Dante's life upon it.

"All's cheerless, dark, and deadly!"

His career was one struggle, labour, unmitigated suffering. The haughty spirit was crushed to the dust. He had felt the bitterness of exile; *magnus venerandusque cliens*, he had felt the bitterness of the stranger's hospitality; and oh! spite of fortune, beyond the imagination of the fervid satirist in the whirlwind of his passion, the descendant of the Frangipani he had stretched forth his hand on the highway, lest he perish, and eaten of the bread of charity. In truth, he passed through life "a man forbid." Love and ambition he had wooed in vain; and even to slake his burning heart in vengeance was denied him. The mortal of divine genius—he that should have been honoured as the hero or the demigod, was driven from every shrine and sanctuary, as though he were of the profane herd. *Procul, o procul este profani!* And he died miserably! Yet, no! Death must have been a release—an ushering to that repose he had never known on earth. Glory beamed from the poet's brow; but he had preyed upon his own heart. The bitterness was passed: it had been of the olden time; it was long before the parting pang. "Weep not," saith Jeremiah, "for the dead; but weep ye sore for him who goeth forth from the place, and returns no more." There is no trace of withering passion or sorrow upon the seventy years of the Frenchman's existence; though he too was a statesman, and a vigorous champion in the lists of theology, where all combats are to the utterance. The sayings and doings of Gargantua and Pantagruel were not more different from the *Divina Comedia* than the lives of their respective authors. Yet neither is it possible to separate the idea of Rabelais the man from his works. *Maitre Alcofribas* is always present upon the scene, even though he omit an all hail! No inconsiderable portion of his work (I beg to be understood throughout as alluding to his romance only) has accordingly died with him and his generation,—more, however, with his generation than with him; for, allowing for the local and personal allusions we have lost, Rabelais still lives and plays a part in his own person and character, in all the better passages of the work. His life threw no shadow like to Dante's: in its philosophy and its humour, it harmonised with a composition in which there is all manner of inspired wisdom, and a most learnedly lubidinous frolic with absurdity. Not in any rage of party, or politics, or religious enthusiasm, or of aught else which might lead the calm and all-sufficient mind astray, not in any excess of mental agony, when the soul, crushed by circumstances, renders forth divine emanations, did Rabelais write. And herein was he like to Homer and to Shakspeare, and superior to Dante. The inspiration arising from excitement, originating in or referring to mere self, must always have about it some taint of the "earth, earthy." The poet who has never "penned his inspirations" for lack of adequate excitement; the poet (type of a much more numerous class) who, were it not for what the individual man had in this frail world of ours done and suffered, would, peradventure, have had no inspirations at all to pen, are both of an order far inferior to those in whom the principle of philanthropy and beneficence—of love (as we apply it to the cherubim)—is so strong, that in

pouring forth the effusions of their divine inspiration, they do but fulfil the law of their creation and existence. But Rabelais's inspiration was as genuine and as genial as that of Homer and of Shakspeare,—of the great master who preceded him, and of the great master who closed that mighty century which the Frenchman himself had so worthily, and so augustly opened. Mighty, indeed, was the century which burst from the chaos of the middle ages, and teemed morally as the early world did physically, with monstrous and irreproducible growths,—the century which stands quite alone in the history of human intellect,—the century of Bacon and Galileo, of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, of Carlo Borromeo and of Hervey, of Sidney and of Ercilla, of Spenser, Cervantes, Camoens, Tasso, Lopez de Vega, Calderon, Titian, Domenichino, Rubens, Vandyke, Velasquez, Michael Angelo! And with a surpassing glory was this century closed by our own Shakspeare,—a glory comparable only to that of a setting sun, the symbol of Divinity, to which, from the veriest first, the outward eye has rendered worship, and still continues so to do, although the mind have in its self-assertion become cognizant of an immaterial Deity.

This century, Rabelais opened with his romance: he has himself told us, jestingly, how he wrote it:—

"For in the composing of this lordly book, I never lost nor bestowed any more, nor any other time, than what was appointed to serve me for taking of my bodily refection,—that is, whilst I was eating and drinking. And, indeed, that is the fittest, and most proper hour, wherein to write these high matters and deep sciences: as Homer knew very well, the paragon of all philologues; and Ennius,—the father of the Latin poets, as Horace calls him,—although a certain sneaking jobemol alleged that his verses smelled more of the wine than oil."

In other words, he wrote at these leisure hours when, satisfied with himself, and loving of all human kind, he was quite fancy free, and could create his own world whereunto to transport enough of the reprehensible error and vice of the actual world in which he was moving as a minister of good, to strike the gazer to whom he exposed his magic glass with the conviction of his own error, absurdity, or vice, as it stood in the abstract magnified. Francis I. might have taken a lesson from the vain ambition of Picrochole, and from the calm and august moderation of Gargantua, as he might have gathered maxims of political wisdom from well nigh every page of the *Chronicles*. Strange it may appear, but it is no less true, that Rabelais was the most aristocratic of all authors. He, indeed, it was that wrote for an "audience fit though few." The "thrice-illustrious drinkers" whom he addressed were kings and Cæsars, captains and conquerors, prelates and princes of the church, statesmen and philosophers, scholars and gentlemen. These were his companions whilst in the busy world, and these kindred spirits he addressed from his retirement,—thus rendering useful the intervals of his laborious life as a divine and a physician. Buffoonery he was obliged to use, from the circumstances of the age. Indelicacy belonged to it: language was then stark naked. He has himself in his prologue explained to the judicious reader the nature of his work, and intimated the reason for the garb he makes it assume.

I may add, that the monstrous buffoonery with which some of the noblest passages of sublimest truth are surrounded was necessary for his protection. It enabled him to mystify dunderheads, and rendered it easy for his high friends to countenance and uphold him against the illiberal and superstitious. He well knew, that one who shewed to the world at large as a mere prattling buffoon could never be made the object of popular resentment—the victim of popular fury. Mankind are very much of the opinion declared by the French minister, when he procured the passport for Yorick, as jester to the Dane,—"*L'homme qui rit n'est jamais dangereux.*" The people know, too, that even "hard words break no bones," and in all ages have loved to laugh at churchmen. No zealot, then, let him preach never so fiercely, could get the multitude to sympathise with them in condemnation of the jester,—of him who declared, "I truly hold it for an honour and praise to be called and reputed a frol'e Gualter and Robin Goodfellow; for under that name am I welcome in all choise companies of Pantagruelists."

Assuming the show of the jester, the multitude invested him with all the privileges, and all were in those days necessary. To be charged with heresy, atheism, and the practice of "arts inhibited," was then to the accused as though the wings of Azrael flapped in his ears. In the reign of Louis XIII., and under the enlightened rule of Cardinal Richelieu, Urtain Grandier, a dignified ecclesiastic, was burned alive in Loudun, which is only a few miles from Rabelais's native place; and burnt, too, on the evidence of nuns, and by the hands of friars (I mean no pun), for those very crimes of heresy and magic whereof Rabelais was accused. In our time, and, above all, in free and merry England, we can little appreciate the difficulties and dangers under which, notwithstanding the countenance of Francis I. and the firm friendship of lofty and illustrious friends, this great and good reformer laboured. But not the protection of the court, not the assumption of buffoonery, would have availed him against the enemies he raised, if it were not, at the same time, that in the eye of God and man his life had been beautiful and comparatively blameless. Every hypocrite, every base or bad man, every unworthy cumberer of the soil, was his enemy.

The friends he boasted were few; the Pantagruelists were only these whose learning and intellect place them far in advance of their age. But the rude and honest multitude, if they understood little of the essence of the romance—if the "mysteries, as well in what concerneth religion as matters of publike state and life economical," remained undisclosed to them, yet lent they their hearty laugh, and would believe no ill of one whose only arts as practised amongst them were to bring health to their bodies and comfort to their souls. Passing once again from the man to the author, let me observe, that not only is the romance less affected than the *Divina Comedia* by the author's idiosyncrasy, but, as I said, he draws nearer to the universal two than Dante. He has in the same degree the creative power; he, too, can take the dry bones and breathe into them, and declare, "*Ossa arida dabo vobis spiritum ac vitæ.*" He, likewise, in common with Homer and Shakspeare, has that cheerful, genial feeling, which enables him to look upon all nature with a loving eye. Beneficence is an essential attribute of a creator. In the works of



Homer, Rabelais, and Shakspeare, there is nothing affected, nothing maudlin, nothing morbid; a healthy, hearty, manly feeling pervades all. In each, again, is observable an exquisite refinement of perception of the law of all that is good, and the essence of all that is beautiful; and a most wondrous delicacy of delineation, under the guidance and inspiration of that law and essence. The men they draw in all their mixed nature are unequalled as individuals, and become the founders each of a class whereof not one (imitate as you may, you other poets!) approaches in moral fitness to the prototype. Observe, for one instance, how far short the hero of Virgil's famous epic falls of an Homeric hero; measure him with the very least of them. The great author of the *Georgics* has not even succeeded in making the pious Æneas a gentleman. But here let me take occasion to do Dante justice, and remark, that throughout his works he always appears himself a grand and noble gentleman. He has drawn himself,—he has sketched Manfredi,—he has spoken for Francesca di Rimini. We know himself,—we see that he can appreciate the ill-starred hero and the erring lady; we bow to him in heart, and soul, and senses, in company with the immortal three. Of these I now exclusively speak. In all there is that excessive delicacy of touch in delineating or treating of ladies and gentlemen which could belong only to those who knew and felt, and were personally conscious of the subtle differences which distinguish the gentleman proper from the mere nobleman, or mere plebeian. And how strangely in their importunities have they not only jumped beyond the age—each his own—but anticipated all times! When has the world seen nobler gentlemen than Achilles and Patroclus, than Hector and Sarpedon? Has the sun ever shone upon ladies fairer, or more *miniards*, than Helena, divine amongst women, and Calypso, divine amongst goddesses? Has St. James's ever echoed to the tread of nobler gallants than the youth, or Almack's ever ushered to the bridal Ladies Emily or Frances more accomplished and more charming than the maidens, educated at Theleme under the auspices of the good Gargantua? Has any body since the days of Elizabeth encountered any thing in the garb of womanhood superior to the beautified Ophelia—the gentle Desdemona—passionate Juliet—gracious Cordelia—sweetest Imogene? No! These creatures were all wrought out of the poet's brain. False, subtle Greece, had never an Achilles except him that Homer gave her—the soul of truth and honour—of generosity and noblest enthusiasm—the mirror of chivalry for godlike Alexander and all future heroes. No! amidst all that *Gracia mendax* has dared in history, she never dared to depict or claim a second hero like to the goddess-born son of Peleus. Calypso, doubtless, still doth adorn her enchanted island; for, alas! goddesses, though abandoned, cannot die; but she is for aye lost to mortal vision, since the wisest man, the divine Ulysses, preferred his hag to immortality. So says Cicero,—*vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*. And yet worse; the Lady Helena has appeared no more, not even in the person of the famed Aspasia. Rabelais imagined the Thelemites in an age when men were rude, and women, in the court of France, were but just brevetted to the rank of ladies. They had become companions of the men, but language had not yet been mystified for their use. How miraculous, then, is the delicacy with which Rabelais has conceived and drawn the fair ideal of what ladies should be; a fair ideal which, I fear, has never yet been quite fulfilled in France, if, indeed, it has any where else. I am not so surprised at his describing the characteristics of a complete gentleman: I believe him to be that which he drew: the whole picture of the abbey and its inhabitants is delicious.

Truth it is, up to this present hour, notwithstanding the march of intellect, we know no more, physically or morally, about ladies and gentlemen, than in their rude days Homer and Rabelais preconceived for us, and than Shakspeare drew; but from his own imagination. There was no Horatio at the English court, and not even a maid of honour (could you forget that she breakfasted on strong beer, a quartern loaf, and red-her-rings) was likely to have been the original of an Ophelia or an Imogene. Creators embody their characters, and portray them from that generous and sublime nature they are conscious and cognisant of in themselves. But the privilege is confined to them; others must be content to copy from their models. Yet the attributes of gentleness (using it in the most extended sense) have been the same from all time. Gentleness is the same in all climates, in all ages; it is quite independent of fashion, manners, customs, and all conventional rules whatsoever. The man of suffering in the Old Testament is, alike in prosperity and adversity, a thorough gentleman; but the spell lies in the essence and the art-magical, in the application of the essence and law of gentleness to its attributes. Now, the essence lies in goodness, and goodness of nature; the habit and the inclination of good. "This," as Lord Bacon says, "of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity," and the guiding principle or law by which all the attributes, the differences, properties, and accidents of gentleness, must be put into act, is honour.

All three great masters, moreover, agree in this—an abhorrence of moral exaggeration. They have no demons of good or evil. The intellectual man is drawn by them as a being frail at the best, subject to conflicting feelings and passions, mixed motives and impulses, would be under the circumstances in which he moves. Besides, there is in their works a current of sound, practical, worldly sense, of which you are made always conscious. They delight in giving birth to *speciosa miracula*; they abound in prodigies, but they produce no mere monsters. Humour is common to all. By the first it is necessarily used sparingly, the second riots, the third revels in it. In all three, too, as Chateaubriand observes with respect to Beranger, "there is beneath the surface of gaiety a substratum of melancholy, which belongs to whatever is sincere and permanent in the human mind." Alas! it is the condition of the Fall! The divinest genius must bear a shadow from the doom upon its earthly tabernacle! The great masters of pathos are Homer and Shakspeare; in giving utterance to it, their very works become weird melodies. Witness the lamentations over Patroclus and over Hector; witness passages that will at once usurp the memory in *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo* and *Juliet*. The structure of Rabelais's book was averse to pathos; yet where it is at all admissible, as in Gargantua's harangue to the vanquish-

ed, his letter to his son Pantagruel, and in other passages, there is no lack of it. That Rabelais possessed the power, is indubitable. The works of each and all were very popular in their lifetime, as are all works that have in them the true elements of greatness. In fine, Shakspeare, Rabelais, and Homer, stand alone in the world's story as reformers who have wrought good to all generations without working injury or annoyance to that in which they lived. They are the only conquerors who never caused a tear to be shed, save in that heavenly sorrow which purifies the heart. These are points of similarity which suggest themselves to me as establishing a relation amongst the three. As to Shakspeare and Homer in the essence, in the supremacy and purity of genius, in which no question of degree can be entertained, the relations between them is one of identity. Homer flourished in one age of the world, addressed his own audience, and appears surrounded by the lesser lights of literature; Shakspeare flourished in another age, addressed his audience, and is seen encircled by a different band. It is only, however, as the sun is observed to shine in opposite hemispheres, different stars are in the firmament, other constellations adorn the heavens, other nations and other natural productions are enlightened, and fostered upon the earth's surface; but the great luminary itself aloft, and apart from all, is still the same, and so will be till time shall be no more. Men, too, find spots upon the embodiments of genius in the works of Homer and Shakspeare, as they do upon the sun's disc. Why should they be purer than the source of light?

### THE BETROTHED.

Words are faint to describe the beauty of Francesca.

"She was a form of life and light,  
That seen became a part of sight—"

one of these bright creations that recall all that we have ever dreamt of female loveliness; and which, though rarely met with even there, we only meet with in Italy. Her figure, tall but not commanding, was formed and voluptuous beyond her years, which could not have been more than seventeen: her features, which might have been a model for Praxiteles, were nearly Grecian in their outline; and what they wanted of its perfect regularity, only added to them a more animated expression; her complexion, free from that saturnine tinge that too generally mars the beauty of the Italian, and more particularly the Neapolitan women, though pale, was clear and transparent as the soft marble of her own Carara; her long black eye-lashes contrasted with her cheek, like the dark petals of some snow-white flower; but O! the darker eyes they fringed!—large, luminous, penetrating, but, in her softer hour, beaming with all the softened and gentle meekness of the dove. Even now do I recall her lingering gaze of tenderness, when on the night of the masked ball at Baer, we quitted the crowded saloon, and sought the enchanting gardens surrounding the villa, where for the first time Francesca "confessed her love with virgin-pride," and our voices died away in murmurs low and musical as the rippling beat of the neighbouring sea.

But I linger too fondly—*ad eventum festinat*, and I must soon conclude, for my brain reels, and my heart dies within me when I dare to ponder thus.

As we were about to return to the scene of revelry, the entrance of the grotto, where we had been seated, was suddenly darkened by the ingress of a tall figure enveloped in a travelling cloak. I had already arisen, with my hand upon my sword, when a sudden exclamation, half of surprise and alarm, told me that I stood in the presence of Count St. Maurice.

"My father!" said the shrieking girl, timidly approaching him.

"Yes, your father!" he sternly replied; "who would not till now have believed he thus could find his daughter seated with a stranger."

"Nay, count," said I, advancing, "we have met before—I acted not a stranger's part when Count St. Maurice cried for help upon the Mole of Genoa."

"Tis well, signor," rejoined the count sneeringly; "yet I have to learn how even this boasted service warrants this intrusion. If I am well informed, my friend, the Count of Castelnuova, has already heard your claims, and spoken my sentiments in their rejection. How then—what do you here? Mark me, sir! such presumption may be dangerous. The daughter of St. Maurice mates not with an adventurer, however bold," and he drew himself proudly up.

Stung to the quick with this last injurious taunt, I was about to hazard some violent retort, but was checked by the imploring look of Francesca.

"Count St. Maurice," said I, moderating my temper, "your person and your words are privileged; and for this idle charge it needs slight vindication. The name of Delaval O'Dorney pleads for itself."

Ah! why sinks that proud and lofty figure? What dims that eagle eye, this moment sending forth such haughty and fiery glances? Had the bolt of heaven fallen at the feet of Count St. Maurice, he could not have recoiled with a look of greater horror and de-pair, than he exhibited at those unstudied words of mine—his hands were clenched as if in agony, and with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, he leant against the outer pillar of the temple, like one overcome by some sudden paroxysm. In a moment his daughter was by his side, and I hastened to aid her in supporting him; but with a violent effort he roused himself, and tried to assume a look of calmness; but it was painful to witness the ghastly smile with which he tried to hide the feelings that were working within.

"I am at times subject to these weaknesses, signor," said he, turning towards me; "but you will forgive this interruption of my infirmity—the more so, as hitherto our previous converse had been far from grateful; but, say, signor," continued he carelessly, though he looked at me with a glance of scrutiny, as if he would have read my own soul—"say, did I hear aright? Your name was"—

"Eugene O'Dorney, the Delaval of Glencastle," replied I, with a certain ancestral pride, which made me thus precise. Again did the lofty figure bend, and tremble like an aspen—again were those noble features

distorted by the inward working of some deep and fearful emotion—and again did that powerful self-command, which he seemed to have acquired, come to his support.

"Tis well, Francesca, dear, you arm. O'Dorney, favour me with you card—we must meet soon. Farewell, sir."

And leaning on the arm of Francesca, who, with a look of doubt and apprehension, but still of undying love, suffered herself to be led from my sight, never—never to return.

They were gone, and it was not till some time had elapsed, that I recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden termination of our interview, and the strange and mysterious manner of Count St. Maurice. Again and again did I try to account for the evident alarm and pain which the mention of my name occasioned, until, at last, I bethought me of certain vague rumours, which I had heard as a boy, of my father's sojourn in Italy, and some dark events connected with it. Yes, thought I, the count knew, perhaps is mixed up in some way with those painful transactions, and hence his dislike to the name of an Englishman, which he manifested on our short interview at Genoa, and his still greater confusion when he knew who I was.

"Yes! it is so," said I; and with the conviction there came over me a vague apprehension that this unfortunate fact might throw the most serious obstacles in the way of my union with Francesca—perhaps estrange us for ever. "Yet, no!" cried I, "it shall not—she has sworn to be mine, and no earthly power shall now divide us."

But I could not thus drown the whispering apprehension of my soul, and it was with a chilling sense of impending misfortune that I made my way to the inn where I had left my horse, and mounting, rode rapidly away on the road to Naples. On arriving at my hotel I quickly sought my couch, for I felt tired, both mentally and bodily; but when I tried, I could not sleep—my brain was feverish; wild unnatural phantoms, vain and fleeting, but incongruous as they were, still ending with Francesca, filled the eye of vision, and banished gentle sleep from my distracted soul; in vain I assured myself of the unchangeable love of Francesca, and that, after all, these doubt and fears might be premature. "There is some error: the count's strange antipathy to me may be the result of some erroneous prejudice or impression, which time, and his love for his daughter, will remove. Yes, Francesca! you will soon be mine;" and this delicious hope at once dispelled for a moment the gloomy thoughts which oppressed me. I called my faithful Nicolo, who slept in the anteroom near me, and bade him bring his guitar, and sing me one of those romantic love-songs which often soothed me in the land of Greece. He attended to my wish, but had scarcely begun the prelude to a plaintive strain when footsteps were heard on the passage, and, after a pause, a knocking at the door of the anteroom. Much surprised at this unusual disturbance, I rose from my bed, and having cast my night-robe about me, sent to ask the cause of it. I was informed that a stranger, after much importunity, had gained admittance, and desired to see me instantly on pressing business.

"His name?" said I, with much astonishment.

"That he declines to give us, signor."

"I see not strangers at these unusual hours;" yet I thought, if an enemy, and he meant me foul, he would not seek me thus. "Admit him, Pedro," said I; "we fear no single arm."

Still I took the precaution of folding beneath my robe the pistol which the faithful Nicolo gave me, with a look full of meaning, while the youth placed his own poniard by his side, and sat down silently on an ottoman near the door. In a few moments steps were again heard, and Pedro ushered in the stranger. A cloak and slouched hat completely concealed his person and features, but I could not be mistaken in that proud and lofty figure, and in the first words of his address I recognised the deep sonorous voice of Count St. Maurice.

"Are we alone, Signor O'Dorney?" began the count, without offering any excuse for his strange intrusion.

"As well as if we were, count," I replied; "my Greek boy yonder knows not the Italian."

"It may be, sir; but perhaps you will bid him retire too."

I hesitated for a moment—I felt a distrust—indeed I might say a repugnance—to the count, which I could scarcely control.

"Why do you hesitate, noble signor? Think not—O think not that I mean you harm," said the count, in accents so sober and so mournful as to banish all misgivings from my mind.

"Nicolo, trim the lamp, and retire into the anteroom, and wait without there till I call you."

As soon as he left the room, the count took off his hat, cast aside his cloak, and disclosed his person, which I had but imperfectly seen on either of the occasions we had met. He must have been once a strikingly handsome man, and still his features wore the strong impress of nobility, and a haughtiness of expression which even the mental suffering they too evidently displayed could not altogether subdue. His forehead, full and lofty, was marked with the deep furrows of care, and the restlessness of those dark gray eyes spoke of the throes of a perturbed spirit, and a mind ill at ease.

"Signor O'Dorney," began the count, "I need not say that the inducement which has led me to seek an interview with you at such an hour, after what has so lately passed between us, must be urgent—it is so; nothing less than the earthly happiness, perhaps existence, of my daughter, depend upon its successful issue. Your own happiness too—yes! mark me, signor, your own happiness and peace of mind, which, once lost, can never be regained, rest on the same result: I will be brief, signor, and plain as brief. You love Francesca?"

Involuntarily I placed my hand on my heart, and bowed.

"Even so—she returns that love. Yes, Eugene O'Dorney," said the count, vehemently, "the dreadful and fatal truth must be told. She deeply and madly loves you; yet, hear me, boy, sooner than unite with thee, she must lie in her shroud of death."

The count appeared some moments to be overpowered by the most agonizing feelings, while I stood fixed in despair and astonishment at these strange and portentous expressions.

"Yes, signor, between thee and Francesca is a gulf deep and impassable as the vast which rolls between the quick and dead—she must forget, or if not, sooner than know thee more, taught to hate thee."

"Monster!" cried I, unable to endure this any longer. "How have I offended thee? or in what dost thou deem me worthy of thy daughter's hate?"

I glared fiercely at the count; but he returned my glances with a look of calm and settled melancholy.

"Young man," continued the count, "you deem me, no doubt, your foe—think that I wrong you; but did I not feel for you—did I not wish to spare your feelings—your young and sanguine heart from the chilling blight of premature and hopeless sorrow, however you might judge the past, my present conduct would appear less strange; but you will be guided by me. You are young, the world is just opening before you, and a few short summers will obliterate from your remembrance these untoward scenes—but mark me, boy! I am a lone, unhappy man; the residue of life is now, at best, to me a dreary journey; the world no longer holds a being that I love, except Francesca;—wilt thou then tear her from me—wilt thou destroy my child?"

He said this with such a look of appeal and entreaty, as at once to convince me of the powerful nature of the mysterious motives which actuated him; but when he implored me not to destroy Francesca, I could contain myself no longer.

"Count St. Maurice," said I, "as I would put the fairest construction on your strange conduct to-night, and stranger language now, I must believe you, with regard to myself, the victim of delusion. I am bound to respect your authority, and the position you stand in with regard to my betrothed—for so before heaven and earth I now consider her;—but as I have used no concealment, but in all honour wooed and won your daughter's heart—if now you would exercise that authority in my rejection, and have that authority admitted by me, as your daughter's happiness would seem to require, you will use the same frankness toward me, and make a faithful explanation of the obstacles which stand between me and my suit—otherwise, noble signor, I withdraw not my claim to your daughter's hand but with my life."

"Rash fool!" exclaimed the count, "thou lackest like too many in this world, the wisdom to forego the knowledge which will but make thee wretched;" and then turning to me, he continued, much agitated—"Once more I warn thee, headstrong boy, to obey me, nor ask than this for a further reason. A father bids thee to leave him and his in peace—what wouldst thou more?"

"Count," said I, faintly, "I have already said that such general explanation may not—will not satisfy me."

"Must it be so?" said the count, as he walked up and down the room much agitated. "Yet, Eugene O'Dorney, bethink you ere you let me fill the vessels of your peace with wrath—place, it may be, for this idle curiosity, an accuser in your conscience, and in your memory a madress. I, of all men, would fain not do this; but the safety—nay, the very being of my child, voids all scruples. Yet say that with to-morrow's sun you will quit the Italian shore, and I pray God speed you."

"Noble sir," said I, "this is but vain. I have already told your excellency my firm resolve. I am prepared for all that you can tell me."

"Indeed!" said the count, speaking between his teeth; "then be it so. Eugene O'Dorney, I ask you once again, in a father's name, will you abandon your mad and impious hopes on my daughter's hand?"

"Never!"

"Then, madman! know—Francesca is your sister!"

Having gasped forth this strange and dreadful announcement, Count St. Maurice sank in exhausted inaction, while I stood for some moments paralysed with horror and amazement. As my faculties returned, my former suspicions as to the sanity of the count seemed to have received all the confirmation of certainty. His late strange conduct at the villa at Baia—his sudden pursuit of me to Naples—his wild incoherent manner in this interview, now added to the wild and monstrous declaration, convinced me that his mind was disordered. I was approaching him with expressions of sympathy and interest lest the heat of the weather and his anxiety of mind had made him feverish, but he met me with a look of such sorrowful intelligence as almost banished from my mind the doubts which I had too fondly formed.

"Poor boy," said the count, "you lay the delusive unction to your soul that my words are but as the idle and unmeaning ravings of the maniac—would that it were so, for all our sakes; but, no! my memory is as faithful, my mind as sober and as clear, as thy own. Flatter not thyself then, too sanguine boy, that what I've said is madness."

He took my hand, while, bewildered with the events of the evening and his strange manner, and the dreadful mystery which it seemed he alone could explain, I suffered him to lead me to a chair, where I sat down, and waited in silence for him to resume this dreadful conference.

"Eugene O'Dorney," continued St. Maurice, "you have forced me to say too much to leave it still in my power to avoid, however agonizing to myself, the recital of events, to forget which is the greatest happiness which even another world can give me. I see, as I indeed might have expected, that you have been studiously kept in ignorance of certain dark unhappy passages in the history of your nearest earthly kindred, even of those who gave you birth. It is this ignorance alone which permits you now to discredit the announcement I have given. Yes, unhappy youth, Francesca is indeed thy sister. The pangs of a common mother equally gave you birth."

My sinking heart died within me; involuntarily I shuddered at the repetition of the declaration.

"Before I enter briefly upon the explanation which both our states now require, let me conjure you, that when as, with every word I utter, I read my own accuser—when I appear before you, not only as the author of your own individual misery, but as the moving cause of woes so complicated as to defy the wildest justice of revenge to satiate; when you know in me the faithless friend—the foul betrayer of your broken-hearted father—the seducer of your murdered mother:—when you know this—when to



spurn and hate me seems a duty which you owe the dead.—But mark me for a moment—look at this withered cheek, this seared and tell-tale brow; think but a moment why I am here—why I have forced myself into this horrid revelation—to save the lonely stay and fragile prop of my unblest, unhonoured age from incest and from madness; and see how idle would appear your bitterest curse to draw another evil on the devoted guilty head of Warrenmore!”

“The voice of public opinion could not be altogether stifled. I was given to understand, in a manner which not even all the art and polish of official politeness could divest of its deep offensiveness, that Lady Warrenmore could not be received at the court of St. James’s. Yes, in all our pride of place I was rebuked—insulted. I felt that England was no longer a country for me, where I could not shield her, whom my madness had subjected to insult, from calumny and disgrace. Nor did I care for the sacrifice; whatever was my guilt, I had not the vices of a changeling; my love, or rather adoration of Beatrice, continued undiminished; and when, in answer to my announcement of our departure to the Continent, and to her own sunny land, I beheld the beams of delight and satisfaction, so long strangers to them, which lit up the expressive features and lovely eyes of the glorious being—for so I may well call her—with whom I had, spite of all ordinances, joined my fortunes, I felt proud in the idea of suffering exile for her sake. Seated on the deck of our bounding bark, with her round beauteous arm twined within mine, I saw, without a sigh, for the last time, the white cliffs of Albion sink beneath the horizon. And as these fond words, ‘We shall be so happy!’ burst every now and then from her lips, the past was forgotten—we lived in the present and the future—and the past was as if it had never been.”

“After sojourning some months in the south of France, we removed into Italy. The friends and relatives of Lady Warrenmore now surrounded her, and the melancholy which she had been subject to ever since our fatal union, and which I feared was becoming habitual, seemed well-nigh dispelled, when the birth of a child—of a daughter—the impressed image of its beauteous mother, seemed to crown our happiness with the bright omen of permanency,—when a horrible catastrophe, as fearful as mysterious, alike revenged your father’s wrongs, and closed your wretched mother’s life and my own earthly happiness together. There had been, since I left England, two attempts on my life, which, as I could not rationally attribute them to any more formidable enemies, I imputed to some of my Italian servants, whom I had occasion from time to time to dismiss—a sufficient cause to excite these vindictive people to acts of revenge, and which, no doubt, led to the attack upon me at Genoa, when you so opportunely came to my rescue. Thus judging, I treated the matter lightly; for as I always went armed, and was generally attended by my English servant, who had served with me in the Peninsula, I found little difficulty in opposing such designs. Yet though I did not allow my uneasiness to be visible or known to all, much less known to Lady Warrenmore, I could not altogether cease to feel surprise and apprehension at the frequency and perseverance of these attempts. At the time of the fearful event which I am about to describe, we were living at the Palazzo—at Pisa. It was evening. I had been reading rather late; most of our domestics were absent, attending some religious festa, and Lady Warrenmore had just left me in the library to order in lights. I felt drowsy, and reclined my head upon the table. I had not thus remained many minutes, when I was roused by a short but fearful shriek, and springing on my feet, I had only time to catch the murdered Beatrice, as, interposed between me and the assassin, she fell bleeding in my arms. Lady Warrenmore, returning to the library, beheld the assassin stealthily approaching; he was already within a few paces of me, when losing, in the terror of the moment, all self-command and judgment, she threw herself between me and the bravo, and received the uplifted poniard in her heart.”

“When I raised myself from beside the bleeding form of my murdered lady, the assassin had fled, but his reeking weapon was there. Retributive justice! with what unutterable horror did I note, as if in characters of fire upon its haft, the name and arms of Delaval!”

“Strange rumours were soon afloat—surmises more unnatural still than the dreadful truth itself, for calumny spared not even my own name; but to the relations and friends of Lady Warrenmore the evidences of my past love and present hopeless misery spoke trumpet-tongued against these horrid suspicions. I made interest, however, to procure from the officers of justice a private inquiry; and having offered an immense reward, but in vain, for the apprehension of the assassin, to avoid the curiosity of the malevolent or the credulous, which I found equally insupportable, I left Pisa, and upon doing so, I assumed, instead of my proper title, the collateral name of our house, for some years after these dark events, and resided in different parts of Italy, but seldom for any length of time in one place. I would have returned to England, but there the public mind, by the aid of an unscrupulous and licentious press, had been grossly abused and prejudiced against me. The wild stories about, connected with the dreadful catastrophe at Pisa, with still more monstrous additions, had been assiduously propagated; and those only who have been the victims of popular misrepresentation, know how vain and futile it is to hope to combat against preconceived opinions. I had made a promise also to Lady Warrenmore that our daughter Francesca should not marry an Englishman, meaning by the term, of course, a British subject; she dreaded that in after life that daughter might feel shame, when others would talk lightly of her unhappy mother. Nor think, Eugene Delaval, that that unhappy mother did quite forget her son; four times every year, from the hour she left your father’s roof, a special messenger was despatched to bring her tidings of your welfare.

“My sole thoughts were now directed to the education and future happiness of my daughter—she grew up all that a father’s fondest wishes could desire, the image of her beauteous and unfortunate mother; her

society softened my sorrows, and, supported by her, I looked forward to spending the evening of my days in serenity and peace.”

Here Lord Warrenmore became greatly moved by his feelings; sympathising with him, and overpowered by the sudden prostration of all my earthly hopes, we mingled our tears together.

“Francesca,” continued Lord Warrenmore, “had now almost grown to womanhood; her exceeding beauty attracted a crowd of admirers, and proportionably filled me with apprehensions for her happiness. I began to repent of my promise to Lady Warrenmore, for I had a prejudice to uniting my daughter with a foreigner, and longed to place her in that station to which her birth and fortune entitled her, and which her own native graces could not fail of adorning. It was, therefore, without any feelings of regret that I saw her reject the overtures and attentions of some of the most distinguished of the Neapolitan noblesse, who pressed forward as her suitors. Influenced by these feelings in a more than ordinary degree, I set out two months ago on my journey to Genoa, for the purpose of meeting there my English agent, and with the intention of deliberating about my return to England, and making the necessary arrangements for that purpose. It was at Genoa that I heard from my friend, the marquis, of your proposal, and consequent rejection for the cause I have now stated. The increasing desire, however, of returning to my native land, and your own gallant conduct on the Mole of Genoa, not only inclined me to give more attention to your suit, but enlisted me strongly in your favour. Resolved, however, not to commit myself till I could myself hear your proposals, and more accurately know your position, I hastened my return to Naples. I came unexpectedly. That I was hurt and mortified at finding that my daughter could receive you clandestinely, I need not say, but now regret not, since it has hastened a revelation which, if postponed, might only have been more dreadful. You now know all—hate me if you will, as the author of these woes; but if you love Francesca, if you value her happiness and peace of mind, be led by me in adopting the only means that can now serve her. I know her spirit well: with all the gentle meekness of the dove she combines the deep force and energy of passion—sanguine and imaginative in the glowing mysteries of our ancient creed, half an enthusiast in religion. To know you now, and knowing how she has loved you, would be to shake her self-esteem, and, as she is innocent and pure, to break her heart. But she is proud, else she would not be my child. To this, then, we must appeal. This day, for I see the morning breaks, we cross over to my villa in Sicily; you must write to Francesca, and in cold and measured words, as the heartless men of this world use, when they would palliate their treachery and desertion, you must tell her to think of you no more.”

I groaned aloud.

“Ay,” continued Lord Warrenmore, “the medicine is bitter, the remedy perilous, but it is all that remains to us—at all hazards this fatal passion must be subdued. And now, Eugene Delaval, farewell—our paths have strangely crossed each other—a wayward destiny has made you acquainted with her, whom you should have only met to recognize the ties which nature did establish between you; but out of seeming evil there often does come good—let us then hope the best. If my plan succeeds, you may yet look forward to a reunion with your sister.”

The morning of that dreadful interview found me the victim of a delirious fever. My recovery was long doubtful, and a fortnight had rolled away under its burning influence, before I awoke to a full sense of my desolation and misery. Still at times I persuaded myself that my feverish brain deceived me, and that what I counted as the suggestions of memory were only hideous phantoms of some horrid dream. I called Nicolo—poor boy, he had scarcely ever left my bedside—and I questioned him, only to confirm my misery. Count St. Maurice had, indeed, been with me—he had not called since. I began to recal the substance of our interview. I ordered Nicolo to make inquiries for the count at the Marchese de Castelnova’s. He was not long absent, for the way was familiar to him. All, all was true; the windows and virandas of the palazzo were closed, the family had left Naples on a tour, and it was believed that the count and the Lady St. Maurice had accompanied them.

I will pass over a recital of my sufferings. A letter was brought to me—it was from Francesca. With what a conflict of unutterable feelings did I obey and peruse that fond testimony of a hopeless passion, but eloquent memorial of unshaken love! In pursuance of this plan, her father had told her that I had abandoned her, and was about to leave Naples to give my hand to another. Backed with all the weight which the character of a beloved father inspires, he had told her this. “But,” said the high-minded girl, “till his own voice proclaims, or his hand indites it, Francesca St. Maurice would as soon doubt her creed as believe Eugene Delaval a traitor.” Alas! how was I pledged to answer this appeal. After some fond complaints of my not seeing them, she went on conjuring me to hasten to her. She was assured that I had been misrepresented to her father; “but when he knows you, Eugene,” said the sanguine girl, “he will not fail to love you as I do. Come to us, then,” she continued; you have never been in Sicily, the Eden of the earth, the lovely island which alone will realize all you have dreamt of your classical Ogygia—but enchanting as are those scenes, to Francesca they seem a wilderness while you are absent—come.”

Fair victim of our joint evil destiny! how bitter was now my task!—But this tender evidence of the continuance of a deadly passion roused me to a sense of the danger of her whom now, with the concentrated force of every human tie, I prized far dearer than my life. I recalled to mind my promise to Lord Warrenmore—I saw no other means to save her; so, summoning up all my resolution, I overcame the compunctions of an erring nature—denied myself the least expression of that fatal love I could not conquer, and bade her think of me no more.

I now began slowly to recover from the debility which fever leaves behind it. I began to think of returning to my native land; but as my indifference as to the future seemed only to increase, I delayed my departure from day to day. It was in this state of mind that I received two letters, one from Lord Warrenmore, the other from Francesca, the last she

ever penned to me. The first three tremulously written words of that heart-rending letter conveyed to me in a moment the whole of its melancholy burthen. "My dearest Eugene—my beloved brother!"—Yes, she knew all—her father had revealed to her the fatal mystery, and she blessed him for it; for to believe that I was false, although my very letter did attest it, was the only torture that she could not bear. The shock which my letter gave, the revulsion from sanguine hope to black despair, allowed no operation to our antidote—her warring passions seemed to invite the shock, as some fatal principle in the lofty cedar calls down the lightning which destroys it; and like it she lay felled—the beauty of the forest.

To relieve her wounded spirit, when all other means had failed, and as all hope of her ultimate recovery had departed from those who attended her, her wretched father, in answer to her importunities, declared to her the truth.

"Oh, why was I not told of this before? Still, then, Eugene, I may love thee—love thee with a purer and a holier love; and think not this beyond my power, for I may not be always with thee!—but this relief, however soothing, comes too late. All the days of Francesca are numbered—but come to me, dearest Eugene; let me behold thee again before I go hence and be no more seen—come, and extend to me the comfort that we shall meet beyond the grave, for I feel that my love shall never die.—Come, my beloved, and receive with my last breath that purest, tenderest, aspiration—a sister's blessing!"

Let me no longer pause. The letter of Lord Warrenmore only more fearfully confirmed that of his unhappy daughter. He wrote in a state bordering on distraction; his misery and desolation were complete. He united with his daughter in urging me to hasten to them. "There is no hope of her recovery," said the wretched man; "but your presence may soothe her, and soften her departure from this world to a better."

O God! there needed not these inducements. With a heart wrung with agony, I put myself on board of the packet for Messina; but, as if I had been delivered over to the tortures of some evil spirit, we had scarcely got to sea when contrary winds sprang up, and it was not till the second morning after our leaving Naples that we succeeded in working up through the Pharo of Messina. I lost no time, after landing, in procuring horses and a guide, and setting out for the villa of Lord Warrenmore.—It lay, as I was informed, about twelve miles from Messina on the Catania road.

My mind was too much occupied with my own gloomy thoughts to pay much regard to the scenes, however lovely, through which we passed;—but, towards the evening, we entered a secluded valley, so beautifully situated that involuntarily I was whiled away from my dark meditations, and paused to contemplate the tranquil beauty of the scene which surrounded me. Beyond the heights which confined the valley, the snowy sides of cloud-capt Etna were seen towering in the distance; in the bosom of the vale itself lay a scattered hamlet; here and there were seen peasant-girls in the bright dresses of their country, milking their fleecy goats, and shepherds driving homeward their flocks to fold. It was one of those peaceful scenes on which the mind, and, above all the sorrowful mind yearning, loves to dwell, and I was giving up myself to sad and tender musings, when the slow, solemn toll of a chapel bell smote painfully on my ear.—It came from a rustic oratory, which crowned one of the neighboring heights. I could not be deceived as to the nature of those sounds, so little in unison with the smiling aspect of external nature. "Ay," thought I, "death hath found his way even into this happy valley." And with a sinking heart I now beheld the funeral party, as, diverging from an orange grove, they wound up the pathway leading to the chapel. The order of the procession was remarkable; close after the stoled priest, who walked slowly in front, came a band of female mourners, who, with their faces, which were closely veiled, bent upon the earth, advanced, chanting a low plaintive hymn. Next came the hearse, a rude litter, strewn with a black pall, and drawn by oxen. A troop of peasant-girls, bearing garlands of white flowers, surrounded the hearse. But who is yonder old and miserable man, whose very gait seems eloquent of anguish—that, leaning on an aged servant, closes this sad cavalcade? I became deeply interested, and, pushing rapidly forward, in a few minutes was mingled with the procession. Heaven and earth!—in that ghastly image of parental sorrow whom do I behold? Can a few weeks have worked the ravages of icy winters! Yes, where all appeared to mourn, the chief mourner was indeed Lord Warrenmore! "The silver chord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken," the bright spirit of Francesca St. Maurice had departed the earth, and I only followed her remains!

I seemed to have received an unnatural strength—I saw the grave close over the form of her I had so fatally loved, yet stayed them not; but I felt as if the Theban's destiny had only been spared me, that I might endure half the vampire's curse.

As the rude sexton placed the last green sod upon her sacred clay, Lord Warrenmore, who stood on the opposite side of the grave, for the first time broke silence. "Bear witness," said he, in a voice like that of the dead, "bear witness, Eugene Delaval, that your father was revenged!"

At that grave we parted for ever. "Go, Eugene," said the wretched father, "fly from the guilty author of these woes—O that their desolation had fallen on him alone!—but farewell; here must my glass run out, for, were life as dear as it is hateful, I could not longer live—my only earthly wish is soon to rest with her who sleeps below."

That wish was granted him. A few weeks more had scarcely passed, when another funeral train was seen assembling in that quiet valley. A gain the solemn voice of its chapel bell proclaimed that man was borne to his long home, and the last scion of a noble house, whose war-cry had mingled with the victor's shout on the red field of Hastings, in a strange land, with scarcely more attendance than a few simple peasants, was laid to rest beside the blasted fruit and sinless victim of his guilty love.

I departed from Sicily, but there my heart lay buried. The world was now a void—a wilderness to me. I felt sick, weary of life; for life denied me that which alone could satisfy my aching heart. I could not mingle with the common herd or business of this world again. Yet inaction would have driven me to madness. There was one subject

in which I took an interest; it was the cause of freedom in Greece.—There alone had the energies of my wretched existence been nobly or usefully directed—there, then, I resolved to meet a glorious death, or join in consummating the work.

My preparations were soon made, and I returned to Greece. The best and most devoted of her friends had been removed from the scene. The noble Byron was no more, but that cause he loved and died for still prospered. Enough—I took my part in the varying scenes of that protracted struggle, till the shout of liberated Greece was heard as the loud roar of the cannon died away on the blood-stained waters of Navarino. Here I lost the only being who had still followed my wayward fortunes from affection; the gallant Nicolo fell bravely fighting one of the quarter-deck guns of the —, the ship in which I took part in the action. He lived, however, to witness the defeat and total destruction of the hated Moslem, whose brutal and relentless tyranny had been so fatal to his race.

I now had done with life, and life with me—ay, "the sword will out-wear its scabbard," and the burning and impatient soul the earthly frame which would confine it; but it was with a thrill of pleasure, such as had long been a stranger to my heart, that I heard myself declared the victim of a decline so sure and rapid, that no human art could add another year to my life. I then happened to be in the island of Poros, and struck with the situation of the monastery, and the air of quietude which lingered about its walls. I there resolved to abide—there to seek shelter from the storm which had wrecked my earthly hopes, and use the brief space allowed me to adjust my mantle, and prepare myself to die. I conferred with the good prior, and was admitted as a lay brother. Strange that I should have thus assumed the very habit which I wore at the masked ball at Baie, upon the last day of my short lived happiness.

I have found the rest I looked for, and only now await my summons to follow to that unseen shore where she whom I loved awaits me.

## THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

BY MR. NEALE, AUTHOR OF CAVENDISH.

[In one of the late London papers we find the following notice of this new work, with a spirited extract from its pages.]

When two authors employ their pens upon the same subject it is more than probable that one will "go to the wall" of public opinion, and we sat down to this work to decide whether Captain Marryatt or the author of "Cavendish" was the most brick-worthy, and the result of our enquiry into the respective merits of the rival writers—who, almost as if they had determined to prove their relative strength and put forth all their powers on the same theme, have written upon the same subject—is, that no candid reader can hesitate to admit that Captain Marryatt in the "Phantom Ship" is as little to be compared to Mr. Neale in the "Flying Dutchman" as a glow-worm to a Bude light. We have read the two works side by side, we have followed the perpetual straining after something which never arrives in the "Phantom Ship," and have been delighted with the vigour and imagination which characterize almost every page of the "Flying Dutchman," a story richly teeming with interest. That Capt. Marryatt is a clever, and sometimes a pleasing writer all admit—that he is coarse-minded, nobody that we ever met with ever doubted, and the most extraordinary, and to us most unaccountable circumstance is, how he ever attained the share of popularity which was his, but which we believe will never be his again. Vulgarities are not usually relished in England, though we hope that the Captain's visit to America will give his mind that polish which continual contact with elegant and refined persons is so calculated to do.

He only has one fault—the continual mistaking vulgarity for originality. The correction of this fault will make his works more interesting, and much more palatable to his readers. The author of "Cavendish" always was a dreaded rival of Capt. Marryatt's and the "Flying Dutchman" will haunt him to his last pen. We had intended to have given the parallel description of the two ships; but we thought that the captains would have said to us, in the words of the inimitable Mathews—"Comparisons are odious; and, therefore, you are odious."

The following introduces us to Mr. Neale's enchanted craft:—

"What do you think she can be, Smith?"

"She can only be one thing, sir; and you know what that is, as well as if I named her."

"What! do you really think that it is——?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

"What! THE FLYING DUTCHMAN?"

"The deep groan that broke from the mate's bosom was the only reply to this question; but, after a few minutes' pause, he added—'In such a gale as this, Mr. Stephens, no ship could carry such a press of sail, or look as she does. Everybody knows, that she has haunted these latitudes occasionally ever since a ship was a ship, or sailors went to sea; and for the last year or so, I'm told she's constantly seen in this beat, only we, being new cruisers, haven't had the bad luck to run against her before. Well, the Spider's cruise is up, that's all, sir. No craft ever saw The Flying Dutchman and got safe to port again.'

"Hush, Mr. Smith, the men must not know what we think, on any account, or we shall get no duty done in the ship, happen what may, till yonder strange sight disappears. The captain must be told of this without delay. Take charge of the deck, while I go below and tell him what has happened."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate gloomily; and then, as soon as the lieutenant disappeared below, he added,—'Do what you may we're doomed, all hands of us; so we may as well be prepared; and as for the men, their eyes want no glasses to tell the Flying Dutchman from any other sail that ever hove in sight.'

"Whatever might have been the effect produced by superstition on the mind of the mate, in one matter at least he spoke with the most correct common sense.



"The conclusion as to the nature of their ghostly visitant had been much more speedily adopted by the horrified seamen than by their two officers. The whole watch crowded on the fore-castle and gangway, gazing with eyes of wonderment and terror, that nothing seemed able to satisfy, at the vast dark, semi-transparent, pyramidal sail and hull that moved majestically along to windward of them, in a course parallel with their own.

"No one who beheld, as Smith had remarked, the immense press of sail on which all the gale then appeared unable to produce any sensible effect, doubted for an instant either the name or character of the strange sail; and with a unity of thought that did indeed wear the character of supernatural revelation, there buzzed from lip to lip the name of that dreaded spectre ship, whose appearance all classes of sailors ever beheld as the forerunner of destruction.

"*'The Flying Dutchman!—The Flying Dutchman!'* were the words fearfully circulated around the gangway and fore-castle. *'The Flying Dutchman!'* repeated the terror-stricken boys of the watch, running down on the lower deck, and spreading alarm among their brother seamen of the next watch.

"The solemn hour of midnight had not even then been pealed forth over the stormy waters, but it needed no louder alarm than these magic and awe-inspiring words, breathed in the low but startling tones of horror, to call from their hammocks almost every man and boy of the crew.

"By degrees the fearful rumour reached aft to the steerage, and many a sleepy midshipman and youngster, who never in their lives had turned out to relieve the deck before the hour till now, sprang from their hammocks in the wildest haste, and scrambling on their clothes, rushed on deck to witness a sight which many of them always hitherto considered fabulous, none of them had seen before, and which, though all dreaded, all were yet anxious to behold.

"From the steerage the terrific name found its way even into the lieutenants' berth, and the mention of *The Flying Dutchman* was there equally potent in banishing sleep, and calling up its would-be worshippers from rites so gentle, to the heart-thrilling spectacle of the phantom of the sea.

"By the time, therefore that Captain Robinson arrived on deck, in answer to the summons of the officer of the watch, he found assembled, and beforehand with him, every man, boy, and officer in his ship, not absolutely confined from illness to the decks below.

"All seemed equally aghast—all equally desirous to disbelieve the truth of the apparition—all equally unable to do so.

"Though not loud, still the discord of opinion that prevailed upon the upper deck was never yet surpassed in variety and confusion; some beheld one thing, some another, different from what any third observer would allow. All, with one accord, began to call to mind and narrate each hideous story which they had ever heard of *The Flying Dutchman's* appearance, and the dreadful consequences that ensued; while a few, convinced of their approaching destruction, silently upbraided themselves with their past crimes, and with unfeigned repentance, sought such pardon as may be given to erring man at the eleventh hour.

"A few there were who, in their own fancied superiority, or the greater callousness of their feelings, made a poor attempt to treat the spectre-ship as a subject for ridicule and jest. But the immediate indignation with which the efforts of these scoffers were received by the older and more experienced, speedily induced them to keep such sceptical opinions to themselves, and in most cases to alter them as speedily as possible; and when the change was once made, none were so abject in their credence and fear of it.

"Suddenly all these murmurs were hushed, as the captain and lieutenant of the watch rushed hastily up the companion ladder.

"Where is this piece of humbug, sir—this piece of gratuitous folly—I say, where is—

"The captain turned round to windward, and suddenly was hushed upon his lip the loud daring tone of incredulity, the incipient reproach of its believers. From the flush of anger, his cheek as suddenly wore the aspect of supernatural emotion. He faltered in the proud haughty step with which long custom made him tread his own quarter-deck. Halting suddenly in his progress towards the gangway, and with distended eyes fixed wildly on the vague dim vessel of the dead, he seized hastily on the stanchions near him for support.

"All had remarked the sudden and annihilating effect of the phantom on his strong nerves. Not a man in the ship but had seen him in the heat of action again and again, cool as if merely enjoying the most ordinary pastime; and though convinced in their own mind of the ghostly nature of the stranger, they one and all were deeply anxious to see how the strong mind of their superior would treat its appearance.

"The effect was instantaneous, and though speech was scarcely heard among the whole of that eager and alarmed crew, yet the intelligence of their leader's admission of *The Flying Dutchman*, passed from eye to eye with electric quickness amongst them all.

"In the midst of his agitated feelings, the consciousness of this fact seemed to press home upon the mind of Capt. Robinson; for, making a strong effort, and forcing his features to assume that stern air of daring with which he was accustomed to lead on his men to death or victory, he advanced a step towards the gangway, saying to the observant lieutenant at his side,

"Quick, give me a glass!"

"But however, by a strong effort, we may in hours of doubt and danger, master the mere expression of our outward bearing, the voice is not so easily subdued; it is a mere involuntary agent in revealing the thoughts, feelings, and impulses of the soul it serves.

"Deep, hollow, and sepulchral were the tones which issued from the captain's lips, and well did they denote the perturbation of mind which defied the utterer's control. If his saddened look had before added tenfold weight to the horror of the men, the unnatural depth and solemnity of his accents thrilled them still more, and crowding as nearly behind him as discipline, however weakened, would permit, they gave up their whole

energies to observing what conviction would be wrought on their chief's mind by a narrower inspection of the cause of their dismay.

"Long and anxiously did they wait, and strict and closely observant was the gaze which the captain for nearly ten minutes bestowed upon the cause of their alarm. But when he took the telescope from his eye, he uttered no sound. No smile of satisfaction could be traced on his pale and speaking features, which might give them room to hope in the fallacy of their alarm—no sneer of doubt or scepticism rebuked their credulity or cheered their doubt. Solemn, melancholy, and mysterious, the captain's features too plainly bespoke how much he shared in the general belief.

Once more his scrutiny was renewed. Still there remained *The Flying Dutchman*, with her dim, dark, vague hull, and her thin vapoury sails stretching every stitch of canvass to a close-reefed topsail gale, yet scarcely bowing even to that. Looking like nothing of this world upon the waters, and well sustaining the assertion made that night by many seamen, of her not having gradually hove in sight like any other vessel, but of her having sprung suddenly from the bosom of the deep, just where she was now seen to sail along so calmly ominous and chill."

The captain, after a few inquiries as to when the ominous craft was first seen, orders the master to "ware ship," orders promptly obeyed, in the belief that when upon another tack the phantom ship would be no more seen. This done, the captain seizing a glass, once more looks for the *Flying Dutchman*.

"I told you so, Mr. Stephens, I told you so; your hobgoblin craft has parted company—she was but a mere shadow, and is to be seen no longer."

"While the very words of triumph swelled proudly on his lips, that all his crew might hear, and at the very instant when they were about to gather fresh courage at the tidings of deliverance, a hundred arms were raised—a hundred voices shouted—

"There!"

"Speechless with surprise, the too hasty captain turned to look, and still in the same position upon the starboard beam as he was lately beheld upon the larboard—clear and distinct to every eye upon the decks of the fated brig, was seen looming nearer, larger and more lowering than ever, the hated form of *THE FLYING DUTCHMAN*."

They attempt to escape from the *Dutchman*, by a press of sail, with the following success:—

"Nor was the attempt to make sail more successful; topsail after topsail was blown at a single blast from its bolt-ropes, and after shaking out the reefs they attempted to hoist the yards. Not even a single reef would the furious gale allow to them, while the *Flying Dutchman*, with her royals and flying jib, careered along as if her swift and flashing bow and lofty spars bore with them some magic speed with which to rule the waves and disarm the winds.

"At length, when the Spider's jibboom, and the gaff of her fore and aft mainsail, had been carried away in a vain attempt to increase her speed, she, as a last hopeless resource, hauled on board her close-reefed forecourse, and bearing up, and scudding right before the gale, like one fleeing for life, tried if on this point of sailing, rather than on the preceding one, she could beat her ghostly foe.

"Fast and fiercely soared the vast waves behind the unhappy brig, like so many gigantic beasts coursing down their prey; and still the trim tight boat sprang from one foaming mass of water to another with an increasing swiftness, which less resembled the speed of inanimate matter, than that mad terror which the poor devoted hare displays when the relentless fangs of her pursuers are gaping wide for her destruction, and are all but fastened in her haunches.

"No sooner did the Spider bear up, and thus unequivocally display the eager desire of her commander to trust her safety to rapid flight, than round swept the high and threatening bow of *The Flying Dutchman*; and, like some all-potent magician displaying his exhaustless power upon his own element, the huge and vapoury pyramid of sail came swelling after the rolling trembling brig, bearing a little on her larboard quarter, and darting along with as much ease and steadiness as if shooting down the Race of Portland, or through the Needles."

In order to make the brig go faster through the water, the bow guns, and every spar, are hove overboard; and in this partially disencumbered state she scuds swiftly along the waters, apparently drawing somewhat a-head. The *Dutchman*, however, increases in speed. The lieutenant is sent below to see the state of the pump-room, when

"Scarcely had the lieutenant departed to execute this command, when a wave, larger and more tumultuous than the rest, came roaring and rolling after the unhappy brig. The captain, who had his back turned towards it, was looking at the foretop. Ramsay, who, on the contrary, was looking aft, saw the danger, and cried to Captain Robinson,

"Hold on, sir! hold on, sir! we are pooped. Carpenters, clap tarpaulins on the gratings!"

"But both cautions were equally vain. Scarcely had he time to steady himself by the gear of the rolling mainmast, when the vast volume of water struck on the stern of the Spider.

"Like the cataract of some mighty river, on came the deep blue sheet of water—no casual spray or dash of sea, but a most powerful mass of fluid, beneath which the already weakened brig seemed unlikely ever to rise again.

"We're sinking! we're sinking!" was the frenzied cry that instantaneously arose fore and aft, as if that startling sound had been necessary to increase the horrors of the hour. Down rushed the resistless volumes of water through the open hatchways, and for several minutes it seemed but too probable that such would, indeed, be the fate of the poor seamen.—Slowly, and as if by a last effort, the brig gallantly recovered herself, and with lessened speed and lightness pursued her desperate and vain flight over mountain after mountain, as the agitated and dangerous seas bore her onward."

The hatches are battened down; when Ramsay discovers that by this order it is impossible to return on deck. When worn out, and in despair and indifference, the crew, looking upon their fate as inevitable, become insubordinate:—

"As daylight began to glimmer faintly in the east, rather an indication than a beginning of forthcoming day, they tore open one of the tarpaulins forward, and, creeping down upon the lower deck, broke into the spirit-room, broached the rum, and giving full indulgence to the love of intoxication, added the frightful and loathing scenes of inebriety to those which already marked the night.

"Though self-possessed to the last point, and ever ready to die without a murmur when the hour approached, Ramsay, like other men of a high, refined, personal courage, was resolved that his last mortal enemy should never surprise the fortress one moment before the last minute for its capture arrived.

"So soon as he heard, by the songs and maudlin merriment without, what was passing among the crew, he left Angela alone for a short space, and locking the cabin, which the captain had himself given up to her, he sought the quarter-deck to report what he conceived to be a partial instance of insubordination. No sooner, however, had he gained the brig's deck than he perceived, at a single glance, to how great an extent he had been mistaken.

"Whole groups of seamen lay stretched and helpless at every step, steeped to the last excess in the oblivion of intemperance, the water plashing over them at every motion of the ship, and the poor little Spider herself ploughing the waves, and plunging from crest to trough, almost unmanned, in point of meaning at least, if not of fact. The shreds of her shattered maintopsail streamed idly on the tempest in the grey light of increasing dawn, and the wreck of her gear flapped unheeded to and fro aloft, without hand to tend or restrain it; the closecreefed foretopsail and forecourse alone remained to urge her forward on her course; while the captain and first lieutenant stood by the wheel, directing with their united strength the steering of the brig."

The Dutchman gains upon the brig; its approach and the consequences are thus given:—

"Rooted to the spot, Ramsay's eyes were fixed on the rapidly approaching phantom. A thousand thoughts rushed through his mind, but none distinct or clear. A thousand resolutions pressed upon him, but it seemed as if volition was no part of his nature, or rather, as he believed, some preternatural spell riveted his eyes to the ghostly craft and crew, more nearly and distinctly approaching him every instant.

"Already had she drawn so near that he could plainly note her forecastle crowded with figures life-like in all but motion, and plainly distinguished by the costume of the old Dutch sailors, with their red caps, large heads, and stiff long tails, as if blown out by the gale! while on the hammocks and netting, and supported by the larboard mizen shrouds, stood a tall, vast figure, wearing a three cornered lace cock and long rapier sword, the chief of those midnight sailors on the deep—*The Flying Dutchman* himself.

"Not a point of all her towering sails seemed out of place, Not a spar carried away, while her huge hull looked more ominous and large from its outlines being partially lost in the indistinct haze of morning, with which the whole of it seemed to blend in colour, and indeed to form but a deeper, a more concentrated part.

"As this terrific spectacle approached, a cold shudder crept over Ramsay's limbs, in defiance of his heart, while the latter, oppressed and labouring beneath the load of horror, sent forth its circling tides with slower beat and feebler pulse.

"A cry from aft drew off his riveted gaze with momentary relief to the steering-wheel, where Stephens, overcome with fear, had fainted; and the captain, weakened with the dreadful struggle of the past night, seemed unable to restrain the heavy motions of the tiller-ropes by himself.

"Flying to his superior's assistance, his powerful aid once more gained command of the vessel; and when the eyes of Ramsay were again drawn, as if by fascination, on *The Flying Dutchman*, she was already abeam.

"No motion, no life, could even then be distinguished among her stiff, quaint, and old-fashioned, but still ghostly crew. At length, without further sign of movement, a voice of thunder seemed to issue from the capacious chest of the *Flying Dutchman* himself, and plainly distinct amid all the whistling of the wind were heard the words—

BRIK

HOY

"To this startling hail no answer was returned. Drops of horror rolled off the brow of the agitated but still determined captain, and fell fast upon his blanched and nearly palsied hands. But answer he made none—he was speechless.

"Ramsay knew not this; and besides, being ignorant of the language in which the hail had been made, he concluded that his superior thought silence the wiser course,

BRIK

HOY

were the words *The Flying Dutchman* again sent forth from his sonorous lungs, with an energy that chilled the very marrow of his hapless and helpless victims.

"Still no answer was returned, and still the spectre-ship continued to draw quietly and calmly ahead of the labouring brig, the greatest contrast in order and condition perhaps the seas ever displayed; while a hollow mournful sound, half wildly musical and horrible, seemed to sing, and mourn around her as she swept by with a mingled dirge, such as no one seaman on board that fated brig had heard but in the wildest tales of the betraying mermaids.

"Again bellowed forth the Dutch hailer, as the phantom gained the larboard bow of the brig. Still no answer was returned, and once more the crushed hopes of Ramsay and the captain arose, to suggest to the weary marines that, on gaining the extreme point of the Spider's bow, the whole hideous phantom might melt into thin air, or, as their tales of *The Flying Dutchman* often told, vanish in smoke.

"Merciful deliverance! Could they be right!—could they be safe! A vast cloud of smoke did arise. Yes, volume after volume poured itself forth, obscuring, hiding, the whole mass of their enemy from view. Their heartfelt thanks already trembled on their tongues, when the entire surface of the ocean seemed illumined by the sudden burst of day. Was it sunrise! alas, no! Crash came the shock and the whole destructive broadside

of the phantom frigate tore and hurtled through the raging air above their heads. Quickly the smoke rolled away, and discovered the disastrous sight of the brig's foremast shot clean away, just under the slings of the foremast, the whole mass of wreck hanging over her bows, and ploughing through the water; and, worse than all, distinct, lowering, and undisturbed as ever, the vast impalpable outline of *The Flying Dutchman*."

The plot consists of a story admirably told; and which leaves us in doubt as to the real truth until our arrival at the last page. It would be destroying our readers' pleasure to anticipate the story; but a more touching or delightful tale than that of Angela and Ramsay on the desert island we have never read. Captain Warwick Lake was, we believe, obliged to quit the service for leaving a man on a desolate island; but whether this has originated the *Flying Dutchman* we know not. Be that as it may, we have rarely been so charmed; and all the fault we find is that the charm dissolves too soon. The scenes over which we have more particularly lingered and which have most excited us, are the scenes on the desert island; the action between the frigates; the description of the *Flying Dutchman's* island; the mutiny; the flogging; the trial; the escape; and above all, the stolen interview in the father's cabin; and in concluding our notice of this week, we augur that this work will be more popular than any naval novel of the present literary nautical era.

**THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.—KEMBLE.**—Few men of milder, calmer, gentler disposition, steeled at the same time with a high sense of honour, and the nice-timed feelings of a gentleman, are probably left behind him. Two instances may be selected from the works before us. A wrong-headed actor, having challenged him on account of some supposed injustice, Kemble walked to the field as if to rehearsal, took his post, and received the fire as unmoved as if he had been acting the same on the stage; but refused to return the shot, saying, the gentleman who wished satisfaction had, he supposed, got it—he himself desired none. On another occasion, when defending Miss Phillips against a body of military gentlemen, whose drunkenness rendered their gallant attentions doubly disagreeable, one of them struck at him with his drawn sabre; a maid-servant parried the blow, and Kemble only saying, "Well done, Euphrasia," drew his sword, and taking the young lady under his arm, conducted her home in safety. As a moral character, his integrity was unsullied; and the whole tenor of his life was equally honourable to himself and useful to his art.

At proper times and in gentlemen's society, he could show himself one of the old social school, who loved a cup of wine without a drop of allaying Tiber: but this was only, as Ben Johnson says, to give spirit to literary conversation; and, indeed, when we have heard Kemble pour forth the treasures of his critical knowledge over a bottle, we were, irresistibly reminded of the author of *Epicene* giving law to the Mermaid or the Apollo.

Garrick was once on a visit at Mr. Rigby's seat, Misleyty Hall, Essex, when Dr. Gough formed one of the party: observing the potent appetite of the learned Doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the Doctor excepted; who, when the laugh had subsided, thus addressed the party:—"Gentlemen, you must doubtless suppose, from the extreme familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his, but I can assure you, that, till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for the sight." Roscius was silent.

Sir Joshua Reynolds never marked his name on his pictures, except in the instance of Mrs. Siddons' portrait as the *Tragic Muse*, when he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. When Mrs. Siddons first saw the picture in its finished state, she went near to examine the pattern of this, which appeared to be a curious classic embroidery, such being, at that time, much in fashion, and she then perceived it contained his name: when making the remark to Sir Joshua, who was present, he very politely said, "I could not lose the honour this opportunity offered to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

#### SULTAN MAHMOUD'S LAST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.

BY PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU.

The serious illness by which the Sultan was attacked, in the first week after my arrival in Constantinople, prevented my obtaining the audience promised me; but I was indebted to a favourable accident for an opportunity of observing him pretty closely, and for a tolerably long time.

I was rowing one day on the channel of the brilliant Bosphorus, on the blue mirror of whose waters were reflected innumerable mosques, and palaces, and minarets, gardens and villas, wooded hills and dark cypress-shaded cemeteries, and the swarm of gondolas covering its bosom, when the sound of cannon from the vessels and the forts announced the approach of the superbly decorated barge of the Sultan. I made all possible haste to gain the Asiatic shore, where some troops drawn up round a mosque, and a small number of spectators, pointed out the spot selected by the Sultan for the performance of his devotional duties. I had only landed a few minutes, and had obtained, through the politeness of a Turkish officer, a place close to the steps of the mosque, when the swiftly-rowed bark shot past like an arrow. Little was at that time known of the nature of the dangerous malady which terminated so quickly the career of Mahmoud, and I had pictured to myself a robust, active, stately-looking man. My surprise was therefore great, on beholding a feeble, emaciated figure, with a countenance noble indeed, but bearing already the stamp of incurable disease. Mildness and benevolence shone in the large speaking eye, which, like the rest of the features announced too plainly the near approach of death, and, regardless of external objects, seemed to look only within. On a heap of red velvet cushions, piled up in the bottom of the gondola, beneath a gilded canopy, lay this image of departed greatness—a melancholy contrast to the Herculean forms of the rowers, whose fine athletic proportions were visible through the transparent silk shirts which formed the only covering of the upper parts of their bodies.



The sick man attempted to rise, but sunk back exhausted, and two attendants springing towards him rather carried, than led him up the steps. A faint smile hovered over the features of the Sultan as he spoke a few words to those who surrounded him, but the marks of suffering on his fine face, which, the better to conceal, was, according to the custom here, covered with red and white paint, contrasting strongly with a short raven black beard, betrayed how soon it must be forsaken by the spirit which still animated it. I felt so shocked at this melancholy sight, and at the painful reflection, that all who devote their lives to the cause of humanity, and the realization of one grand idea, are sure to become its martyrs, that I completely forgot where I was, and neither took off my hat nor removed my glass from my eye when the Sultan passed quite close to me. This apparent rudeness, disagreeably remarkable amidst the reverential salutations of the rest of the spectators, I afterwards found had given offence, as it naturally might; but the sovereign, had he understood the cause, must have considered it the most flattering compliment I could pay him; for it is long, indeed, since the sight of a royal personage could so completely absorb me. When the Sultan again passed me, on his return, I did not of course, neglect to make amends as well as I could for my transgression, by uncovering my head as long, and bowing as low as possible, but my previous absence of mind was, nevertheless the truest mark of respect. On leaving the mosque he descended the steps slowly and painfully, notwithstanding all the support he received, and stood some time at the bottom to recover himself before entering a carriage which was waiting to receive him. During this time he appeared to contemplate the assembled crowd with more attention than formerly, and perceiving a woman holding up a petition, unnoticed by any one else, he made a sign to have it taken from her and put into the carriage. He then seemed to express some fear that the nearest of the spectators, amongst whom were several ladies, would be injured by the unruly horses, and motioned them to stand up on a raised place behind them. I had all this time been contemplating with the most earnest attention, the interesting physiognomy before me, and though I could discover in it great susceptibility for both pain and pleasure—more thoughtfulness than rigid firmness of will—goodness, candour, and a tendency to melancholy.

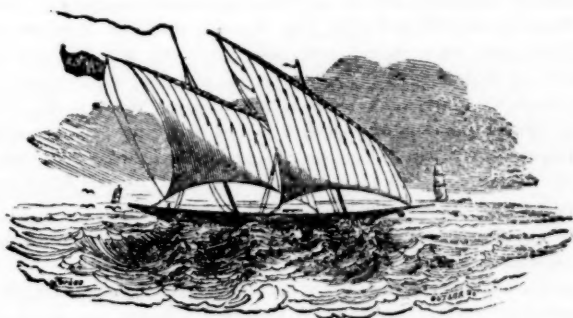
This was Mahmoud's last appearance before the world, and his last actions, though of no great importance were indicative of a benevolent and pious spirit. History will assuredly do him justice, and accord him a place among the most influential men of his time, and the most distinguished rulers of his dynasty.

### THE ROMANCE OF FACT.

[In a review of a new translation of the Arabian Nights, we find the following whimsical remarks, which strike us as just and pertinent.]

A vast number of things are romantic that have no suspicion of being so. Half of the existing age has been romantically mechanical, while the other half was poetical. Events have been romantic; not merely the French revolutions, but the times intervening and succeeding. Bonaparte's history was a romance, and he one of the most romantic of men, though he took himself for one of the least so. He fancied he should conquer all things, the minds and wishes of men included, with his *engineering*! and if we took the results, Napoleon, in spite of himself and his purely mathematical genius and military science, stimulated the poetry of his time, like some great unconscious mountain-top of a man,—a huge event. In all its events the supposed scientific age, nay, the really and grandly scientific age, was romantic throughout. The hopes were romantic; the despairs romantic; the vicissitudes as romantic as those in the books before us. There is a passage in one of the novels of Voltaire, in which he introduces three or four apparently private gentlemen who have met at dinner in an hotel, and who all turn out to be kings. We forget the details, but he makes out his case, if we remember, with bringing in Stanislaus of Poland, and Theodore, king of Corsica. Those were sorry kings, compared with such as we have seen raised from private life in our time, and who, including those of old families dethroned, might have made a singular dinner-party indeed. A lieutenant of engineers became master of half Christendom; three private gentlemen, his brothers, reigned in Spain, Holland, and Westphalia; an innkeeper's son at Naples; and a sergeant of grenadiers, now this minute, occupies the throne of Sweden; while, on the other hand, the sons of the Neapolitan monarch have become merchants and barristers. In the "Arabian Nights" one is constantly amused with some anonymous and unfortunate young lady reduced to servitude and rags, or some equally vicissitudinous individual of the other sex, who being "brought up" by the police before the sultan, and questioned who they are, commence the history of their squallidity by saying, "I am the Princess of the Isles of Kaleedan,"—or "You see before you the son of the king of Ormuz. The sultan, my father," &c. &c. —Now the late king of Sweden, poor Gustavus V., has astonished many a chance visitor at a German inn by disclosing himself in the same style; and there is a town in America where you may have your cause in an action of *assumpsit* pleaded by his late Royal Highness Achilles (Murat,) heir apparent to the throne of the Two Sicilies, and barrister at law. In short, what is more romantic than the steam-engine itself,—the steam-carriage (the "locomotive," as they ridiculously call it, with a romantic Latin pedantry) "swallowing the ground" at the rate of thirty, forty, or sixty miles an hour, faster than Job's war-horse with all his "fierceness and rage," bringing distant places into neighbourhood, and promising to put an end to war by mixing up civilized nations in useful and beautiful intercourse! Was ever brazen steed in poet or romancer more wonderful, at first sight, to look at? Did Leviathan or Behemoth, when a hook was put in his nostrils, ever snort more formidably at his first impatient setting out, with those short, sharp, and perilous sounding vaporous pantings, as though the mysterious power within him disdained to be thus mastered? Did Hippogriff ever fly swifter through the air, or more startle the natives of this very valley of Thames, when Ariosto's knight rode him hither across the Channel, and saw the British chieftains mustering to a review! And when you talk of mechanism, and scientific explanations, and the

proximate causes of this and that, how fire causes vapour, and how expansion forces movement on movement, and "all that," what do you know of the element and essence of any one thing you have been talking about?—of the "thousand and one" causes that may lie between what you think you know, and what you must feel you do not?—of the unknown and invisible world which is as close upon you as the air you breathe, and which may be crammed full of causes, and beings too, for aught you know to the contrary (not to fill you with terror if you are benighted, but with fancy and modesty, if you are wise)! And when you have come to an end of all these guesses, or even if you could solve them every one, and be lucky enough to make them dry as sticks, and with no more poetry in them than a bricklayer's calculation, how could you get out of the hands of the mysterious and unknown, and therefore of the poetical and romantic, unless you can make visible and palpable the first cause of those causes, and measure the length and breadth of that which gives soul and movement to the world?



## THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1839.

### JOTTINGS DOWN.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

I see that several of the English papers have copied my description of the Queen's Maid of Honour, at Almack's, and some editor's blundering comment thereupon—they, like the highly educated commentator, not knowing the difference between *vis-a-vis* and partner, and representing Miss P.—as screaming to me across a quadrille the remarks about the Queen, which I quote from an unnamed person. One or two of these "penny-a-liners," (writers who furnish always the miscellaneous portions of a London paper) have added some strictures of their own upon my assumed betrayal of Miss P.'s confidence, and over their pots of beer in the chop-houses of Rupert Street, have mingled their tears in sympathy (!!!) with the sufferings of a Queen's Maid of Honour. "Poor dear! said the toad as the cloud came over the star."

I have thought it worth my while to correct this palpable error, although the persons whose opinion I most care for, know enough of French to correct it in the reading. But as there has been, ever since I began, (some seven years since,) to describe the times we live in, a constant outcry kept up by certain of the American papers, I should be more hard-hearted than Laban if I did not reward the seven years service of my affectionate Mentors with a reply: There exist very worthy people, too, who believe what they see in the newspapers, and for them the "grain of salt" should sometimes be thrown in, to remedy any prevalent error.

There is no question, I believe, that pictures of living society where society is in very high perfection, and of living persons, where they are "persons of mark," are both interesting to ourselves, and valuable to posterity. What would we not give for a description of a dinner with Shakspeare and Ben Johnson—of a dance with the Maids of Queen Elizabeth—of a chat with Milton in a morning call? We should say the man was a churl, who, when he had the power, should have refused to "leave the world a copy" of such precious hours. Posterity will decide who are the great of our time—but they are at least among those I have heard talk, and have described and quoted,—and who would read without interest, a hundred years hence, a character of the second Virgin Queen, caught as it was uttered in a ball-room of her time? or a description of her loveliest Maid of Honour, by one who had stood opposite her in a dance, and wrote it before he slept? or a conversation with Moore or Bulwer!—when the Queen and her fairest maid, and Moore and Bulwer have had their splendid funerals, and are dust, like Elizabeth and Shakspeare!

The harm, if harm there be in such sketches, is in the spirit in which they are done. If they are ill-natured or untrue, or if the author says aught to injure the feelings of those who have admitted him to their confidence or hospitality, he is to blame, and it is easy, since he publishes

while his subjects are living, to correct his misrepresentations, and to visit upon him his infidelities of friendship. For myself, I have the best reason to know, that I have never offended either host or acquaintance, and whether my pictures of the distinguished are done in an ill-natured spirit, the public are the best judges. It will perhaps please the seven-years' lookers after my reputation to know, that my Pencillings are still selling in England, and that their amiable fears for my standing among those whom I have described, are quite as much thrown away as they probably desire.

But (while I think of it) perhaps some of my untiring abusers will be pleased to tell me, why this is so much deeper a sin in me than in all other travellers. Has Basil Hall any hesitation in describing a dinner party in the United States, and recording the conversation at table? Does Miss Martineau stick at publishing the portrait of a distinguished American, and faithfully recording all he says in a confidential *tete-a-tete*? Have Capt. Hamilton and Prince Pukler Von Raumer, and Capt. Marryatt, any scruples whatever about putting down any thing they hear that is worth the trouble, or of describing any scene, private or public, which would tell in their book, or illustrate a national peculiarity. What would their books be without this class of subjects? What would any book of travels be, leaving out every body the author saw, and all he heard. Not that I justify all these authors have done in this way, for I honestly think they have stepped over the line which I have but trod close upon.

Surely it is the *abuse* and not the *use* of information thus acquired that makes the offence.

The most formal, unqualified, and severe condemnation recorded against my Pencillings, however, is that of the renowned Editor of the Quarterly, and to shew the public the immaculate purity of the forge where this long echoed thunder is manufactured, I will quote a passage or two from a book of the same description, by the Editor of the Quarterly himself. "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," by Mr. Lockhart, are three volumes exclusively filled with portraits of persons, living at the time it was written in Scotland, their conversation with the author, their manners, their private histories, etc. etc. In one of the letters upon the "Society of Edinburgh," is the following delicate passage:

"Even you, my dear Lady Johnes, are a perfect tyro in this branch of knowledge. I remember, only the last time I saw you, you were praising with all your might the legs of Col. B—, those flimsy, worthless things that look as if they were bandaged with linen rollers from the heel to the knee. You may say what you will, but I still assert, and I will prove it if you please by pen and pencil, that, with one pair of exceptions, the best legs in Cardigan are Mrs. P—'s. As for Miss J—D—'s, I think they are frightful. \* \* \*

Two pages farther on he says:—

"As for myself, I assure you that ever since I spent a week at Lady L—'s, and saw those great fat girls of hers waltzing every night with that odious De B—, I cannot endure the very name of the thing."

I quote from the second edition of these letters, by which it appears that even these are *moderated* passages. A note to the first of the above quotations runs as follows:—

"A great part of this letter is omitted in the Second Edition in consequence of the displeasure its publication gave to certain ladies in Cardiganshire. As for the gentleman who chose to take what I said of him in so much dudgeon, he will observe, that I have allowed what I said to remain *in statu quo*, which I certainly should not have done had he expressed his resentment in a proper manner."

So well are these unfortunate persons' names known by those who read the book in England, that in the copy which I have from a circulating library they are all filled out in pencil. And I would here beg the reader to remark that these are private individuals, compelled by no literary or official distinction to come out from their privacy and figure in print, and in this, if not in the *taste* and *quality* of my descriptions, I claim a fairer escutcheon than my self-elected judge—for where is a person's name recorded in my letters who is not, either by tenure of public office, or literary, or political distinction, a theme of daily newspaper comment, and of course fair game for the traveller.

I must give one more extract from Mr. Lockhart's book, an account of a dinner with a private merchant of Glasgow.

"I should have told you before, that I had another visitor early in the morning, besides Mr. H—. This was a Mr. P—, a respectable merchant of the place, also an acquaintance of my friend W—. He came before H—, and after professing himself very sorry that his avocations would not permit him to devote his forenoon to my service, he made me promise to dine with him. \* \* My friend soon joined me, and observing from the appearance of my countenance that I was contemplating the scene with some disgust," (the Glasgow Exchange) "'My good fellow,' said he 'you are just like every other well-educated stranger that comes into this town; you cannot endure the first sight of us mercantile whelp.' Do not, however, be alarmed; I will not introduce you to any of these cattle

at dinner. No, Sir! You must know that there are a few men of refinement and polite information in this city. I have warned two or three of these *rare æres*, and depend upon it, you shall have a very snug *day's work*." So saying he took my arm, and observing that five was just on the *chap*, hurried me through several streets and lanes till we arrived in the —, where his house is situated. His wife was, I perceived, quite the fine lady, and, withal, a little of the blue-stocking. Hearing that I had just come from Edinburgh, she remarked that Glasgow would be seen to much more disadvantage after that elegant city. 'Indeed,' said she, 'a person of taste must, of course, find many disagreeables connected with a residence in such a town as this; but Mr. P—'s business renders the thing necessary for the present, and one cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear—he, he, he!' Another lady of the company carried this affectation still farther; she pretended to be quite ignorant of Glasgow and its inhabitants, although she had lived among them the greater part of her life, and, by the bye, seemed no chicken. I was afterwards told by my friend Mr. H—, that this damsel had in reality sojourned a winter or two in Edinburgh, in the capacity of *lick-spittle* or *toad-eater* to a lady of quality, to whom she had rendered herself amusing by a malicious tongue; and that during this short absence, she had embraced the opportunity of utterly forgetting every thing about the West country.

The dinner was excellent, although calculated apparently for forty people rather than sixteen, which last number sat down. While the ladies remained in the room, there was such a noise and racket of coarse mirth, ill-restrained by a few airs of sickly sentiment on the part of the hostess, that I really could neither attend to the wine nor the dessert; but after a little time a very broad hint from a fat Falstaff, near the foot of the table, apparently quite a privileged character, thank Heaven, sent the ladies out of the room. The moment after which blessed consummation, the butler and footman entered, as if by instinct, the one with a huge punch bowl, the other with &c."

I do not thank Heaven that there is no parallel in my own letters to either of these three extracts. It is a thing of course that there is no. They are violations of hospitality, social confidence and delicacy, of which even my seven years' abusers will allow me incapable. Yet this man accuses me of all these things, and so runs criticism! Bah! Let me be done with the subject.

I landed at Holy-head near the close of September, having spent just five weeks in a ramble round the "first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."\* The Channel between Dover and Calais scarce divides countries which present a greater contrast to the traveller than Ireland and Wales. We left on the shore at Kingston a people all misery, rags, and fun, and in six hours we were landed in Anglesea, where we found on the shore a people all cleanliness, comfort and gravity. Why the Irish are not sadder in their beggary, or the Welsh gayer in their thrift, are questions which it puzzles the political economist to answer.

It is more expensive to keep a wife in Wales than in Ireland by at least the value of a beaver hat—the Irish women wearing nothing but a cap in the open air, and the Welsh both cap and beaver. A common round hat crowded over a muslin frill, is, I must say, as unbecoming a head-gear as could well be contrived—yet so dresses every peasant dame and lass in the land of Glendower.

The village of Holy-head scrambles up the side of a steep hill, and tho' it is quite unlike any thing one has ever seen before, it is hard to tell why. The houses all seem to have turned their backs upon the street, and even the high flight of steps to a church, placed very commandingly over the harbor, seem to have taken great pains to resemble back stairs. It is perhaps owing to the pugnacious plainness and dumpiness of the style of building, but certainly Holy-head looks all over like what the Londoners call (more expressively than elegantly) a "back slum." So much of it only as contributes to the transit of travellers, is like the same things elsewhere—a fine pier and a very capital inn. The landlord brought us an album to receive his praises in black and white, but as it had been honoured by the autographs of half the lords and ladies in the United Kingdom, we did not venture to profane it with our plebeian fist. Some of my countrymen had not been so scrupulous however, and the landlady's *suaviter in modo* was recorded in most honied phrase by a gentleman from Tennessee.

Having had but three days of sunshine, and one of summer during the three summer months (so called) which we had passed in England, it was with rather a halting faith that I prayed for fair weather for our journey through Wales. The morning dawned as usual, cloudy, misty and chill, and depositing my lady-companions inside, I pulled my cap sulkily over my ears and took my place on the coach box to enjoy the picturesque.—Behind me, sat a young Frenchman, on his travels, with a guide-book in

\* I have found my material for "Jottings" accumulate so much on my hands that I have been obliged to reserve my travels in Ireland for a separate undertaking. The readers of the Corsair will be presented with them at a future day, however, in advance of any other American periodical.



one hand and a map in the other, and as the Welsh coachman could only speak so much English as was likely to be wanted in his vocation, I had some intervals to the chattering of my teeth, while laughing at the difference between Welsh-English and French-English, and the evident contempt of each for the English of the other.

The road all through the Island of Anglesea, was quite the best I ever travelled on, and the small toll-houses resembled the ornamental Swiss cottages in parks—very peaceful and pretty, and all alike. By the sign-boards you would think the Welsh a very explicit people, for “lives here” is usually added after the name. I say “the” name, for there seems but one in all Wales—“Owen Williams” and its variations. I counted them till I was tired—“Williams Owen,” “William Owens,” “Owens Williams”—for a hundred miles of thrifty and populous villages. How they manage at the Post Office, if the proportion is as great among those who do not keep shop, as among those who do, would be a curious matter to look into.

The only spot I saw in Anglesea that was not bleak and barren, was the demesne of the noble Marquis, which occupies the slope from the edge of the strait just below the Menai Bridge, and is like a thousand other “places” in England—a very large mansion, planted about with a square mile of forest trees. Placed on a rocky eminence, so as to be seen very conspicuously from his lordship’s windows, stands the tall monument to his leg, lost at Waterloo. It was raised, (very much against his will, I was told) by the neighboring gentlemen of Wales. It is a very fine granite pillar, I should say a hundred feet high, and if the remainder of his body is honored in proportion, at his death, he will have almost as much stone upon his breast as Cheops or Enceladus. I believe he is the only hero who has lived to attend the first part of his own obsequies.

The Menai Bridge reminds you at a distance, of a cobweb spun between two precipices: and indeed, till you get close upon it, you fancy nothing but a spider should venture to cross. As it was, I should have felt much more comfortable with that gentleman’s faculty of “paying out” in case of a fall, for one side of the bridge was taken up and undergoing repair, and from my elevated perch on the driver’s box, I looked down on a boat gliding beneath, no bigger from that height than a cockle shell. It is a very wonderful structure, however, and the strait itself over which it is flung is a bit of very fine scenery—the banks very high and very well wooded, and resembling in many respects some parts of the Hudson. It is one of the few curiosities in the world which are so far out of the common course as to give you a new sensation, and for that (though I do not believe a man of the least imagination is ever *blasé*) I would always go far and pay dearly.

THE BRITISH QUEEN left us on Monday at meridian, with a very limited number of passengers, about fifty-five all told. This diminution of numbers is doubtless to be mainly attributed to the complaints of her passengers on former voyages, and will not fail to enlighten her owners on the importance of adapting the proper means to remedy the evils and inconveniences so loudly complained of.

THE SEASON OF ANNIVERSARIES.—The first of these delightful “gatherings” was held at the City Hotel, on Saturday last, by the *St. Andrew’s Society*. In a community like ours,—made up of citizens from every civilized nation,—the salutary influence of associations, for the preservation of a warm and vivid remembrance of the father-land, and a predominant love for the land of adoption, is always strikingly exemplified at these annual festivals. The interchange of good feeling, and the prevailing character of the sentiments, go far to bind in one common bond of brotherhood, the various elements of our community. Another object of these associations is to afford prompt charity to the afflicted, and in this way the stranger, from whatever land, may find proper counsel and relief. In every respect there are few institutions among us, that carry with them warmer aspirations for their permanence, or that redound more to the honor of humanity.

The dinner was served in the spacious assembly room of the Hotel, and the proprietors, Messrs. Gardner and Packer, have been much complimented for their admirable arrangements, and the sumptuous fare with which they entertained the company.

CASE OF MR. HENDERSON, THE TEXIAN MINISTER.—The strong interest we feel for the new Republic of Texas, and the protection of her public officers, induces us to congratulate the friends of that country, on the discharge of Mr. Henderson from civil arrest. The opinion of the court was delivered by Judge Oakley, and it is pronounced by those who heard it, a very learned and lucid exposition of the acts of Congress, and the law of nations, touching the point in debate. Mr. Henderson was returning from France, where as ambassador for Texas, he had just completed a treaty of commerce, and was on his way home, when he was most unexpectedly arrested in this city on some liabilities entered into while a

citizen of Texas. The peculiarity of the case, and some circumstances connected with the transaction, induced Mr. H. to avail himself of the privileges of an ambassador, in doing which, he has been upheld by the decision of the Superior Court, and is now at liberty to pursue his journey, and announce, in form, to his countrymen, the results of his negotiation in France.

THE DAGUERRETYPE.—No modern invention in the fine arts has excited the same interest, or been crowned with more complete success, than the surprising discovery of the effect of light by M. Daguerre. All Europe has resounded with the fame of this important advancement in one of the arts, and we are pleased to learn that a pupil and friend of the inventor, has arrived among us, and has brought with him a collection of proofs, that will at once convince the most incredulous of the real worth of the invention, and delight all by their truthfulness and beauty.

THE STORM KINGS.—Since the day that Æolus dispersed the fleet of wandering Æneas, and was well rebuked therefor by the jealous Neptune, there has not been such a conflict of raging elements, as has been going on at the Stuyvesant Institute and Clinton Hall. These are the classic “caves of pent up winds” controlled by the master spirits of Espy and Olmstead. Pregnant with diverse philosophies, each has relaxed his reins, and given to the tried coursers of the brain boundless latitude in discussing the laws of Storms. Tempests have been foretold, courses of the winds pointed out, and all the hurly-burly of conflicting currents laid down in charts, and strange to tell, the following mails bring us intelligence of the truth of the predictions. To what state of knowledge we are arriving at, heaven only knows; all we fear is, that the learned gentlemen will blow themselves out of water and leave us “*nantes vari gurgite*,” and no plank near to save us from the depths of ignorance.

We have just learned that the sceptre-holding Olmstead on Tuesday evening, entirely lost his balance, and out rushed “*Eurus, Notus, Zephyrus, and Africus*,” in the shape of angry words and colored water, producing such a whirlwind of wrath and rain, that most of his hearers were not only terribly frightened, but thoroughly besprinkled. We fear Professor Espy can do nothing like this. It was a *chef d’œuvre* worthy the theme of the minstrel, and will go far to settle the claims of these rival candidates to the vacant throne of “*Rex Æolus*.”

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.—We have several times expressed our high appreciation of the admirable work of De Tocqueville bearing the above title. Our favorable opinion has received ample confirmation by the fact that the American public has just been presented by Mr. GEORGE ADLARD, No. 168 Broadway, with a third and improved edition of the English Translation, exceedingly well printed and tastefully bound.

It is another curiosity in the progress of literature, that a learned, accurate and intelligible work, upon the political institutions of this country, should have been composed by a foreigner. One of the most esteemed histories of the American Revolution was written by an Italian. The most important and clear account of our institutions, “and of our manners, opinions and habits, as influencing or influenced by those institutions,” is now given to the world by a Frenchman. As an offset to these obligations we may add, that one of the most beautiful literary efforts of the present day is the splendid history by one of our own countrymen, of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; a work which has been praised by European critics for its high finish and minute knowledge of Spanish literature.

We are surprised, in turning over the pages of De Tocqueville, to notice his familiar acquaintance with the early and quaint historians of New England, and his nice estimate of their merits. The *Magnalia* of the erudite, but credulous Mather, the memorial of the conscientious Morton, are not sealed volumes to him. He has drawn information from the rare pages of our early Codes and modern Commentaries; and while gathering wisdom from the learned labors of Story, Kent and Rawle, he has not scorned to extract instruction from that useful manual of the Bay State, Goodwin’s Town Officer.

The book is not composed of fulsome and inconsiderate praise, nor marked with the traces of an envious and fault-finding spirit, but bears the impress of a mind zealous to find out the truth, and anxious to reveal it calmly and honestly.

There are a few opinions which we think are too hastily formed, and too strongly expressed; such for instance as his exposition of the remains of the aristocratic party in the United States. But these are minor blemishes, indeed hardly worth noticing; even if they were more numerous and important than any we have discovered, so vastly superior is the work to the intolerable trash of the Halls, Fiddlers, Trollopes, *et id omne genus*, of English travellers, that we should do injustice to ourselves, were we with “microscopic eye” to search them out with pains-taking labour.

It is not consistent with our prescribed course, to attempt an analysis of

this remarkable production; yet we cannot avoid again recurring to it in terms of commendation. We have derived instruction from its perusal, and found many topics presented in new and striking lights. The subject, by many persons is deemed dry; to such we can truly say, that they can in no other book find "the complex nature of the Constitution of the United States and the great principles which govern American society," treated in a style so little encumbered by technical phrase and in a manner more captivating and philosophic.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER.**—We are pleased to see this valued and welcome Magazine once again; for so late in the month did it make its appearance that we began to entertain some apprehension that it had touched on a lee shore, and was battling, these stormy times, with all the disadvantages of a stranded craft. Glad were we, then, to find our fears groundless, when we held in our hands evidence of its existence, and on glancing at its pages found them rich in the fruits of industry, and graced with the contributions of the tasteful and learned. Success attend it.

**POEMS BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON AND THOMAS J. CHARLTON.** *Boston, Little & Brown.*—We have transferred to our first page a single characteristic extract from this little volume of Poems, which is a fair specimen of the whole. They are the production of two brothers, who seem to have indulged in the "gentle art" with no higher ambition than to record their feelings and impressions at the moment of composition, and finding them appreciated by their friends have consented to give them a form less perishable than a few manuscript copies. They are all pleasing, and many abound in quaint and quiet humor that must be highly relished by those who understand the pointed allusions.

**HENRY OF GUISE** is the name given by Mr. James to his new historical novel. Like others from the same ready and fertile pen, the scene is in France, and at that stormy period when Henry of Guise, Henry of Navarre and Henry III, backed respectively by the League, the Huguenots, and the Court, were contending for the mastery. We need not say that such materials as the history of that period affords, have been amply availed of by Mr. James, and in our opinion this last production is not surpassed by any thing the same author has written. We could hardly say more in its praise.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The assembling of Congress, and the meeting of the great Harrisburg Convention, both occurring the same week, have given rise to much speculation. Very strong excitement was anticipated, and the first intelligence from Washington evidenced that the expectation was well founded so far as that assembly was concerned. However, it must be conceded that the debate was conducted in a very orderly manner, when it is recollected there was no controlling officer,—no chairman,—no speaker, and that the Clerk of the last Congress was officiating also for the present while his mode of procedure was the subject of discussion. The Irishman's complaint of "the stones being tied down and the dogs let loose," must, we fancy, have occurred to the passive individual at the Desk of the House during the debate. On Thursday no Speaker had been elected, and of course no message delivered.

The Harrisburg Convention seems to have elicited the most feeling here in the city. The discussions on the probability of this or that candidate being nominated have been both loud and deep. From Saturday until Saturday again, we heard of nothing else talked of in public places; and so warm did the contending disputants often get, that they quite forgot the pressure of the times, and thought their debts all paid. We have little means of knowing the calibre of the orators there assembled, but should they in any way approach those they have left behind them in zeal and wordiness, there will be a "tight race," and unless some regular Eclipse "distances the field the first heat," the "persuaders" must be used to a frightful extent before the contest is finished.

Another fruitful topic has been the disturbance in Albany County. The determination of the tenants of the Patroon not to pay any more rent, on the plea that they have been paying it long enough, strikes us as a very original idea, and one that we trust the landlords of our city will duly consider. Should they see its justice, and act accordingly, we know a number of friends, who will join us in congratulating the stout yeomanry of the Helderberg mountains for having originated—entertained, and boldly defended a principle lying at the very foundation of justice, and particularly applicable to empty purses. Who will pretend after this, to tell from what source light will break in on the world. Hide your diminished heads, ye Blackstones and Marshalls, who have been sleeping over this sublime truth, while a thousand tenantry conceived at once the mighty principle and came armed to uphold it. Fulton could never have survived this overshadowing discovery, and Ben Franklin would have run mad with mortification.

In commercial circles the China trade is a subject of frequent conversa-

tion, from the fact, that American merchants are beginning to monopolise a great portion of what has hitherto been in the hands of British merchants. The course taken by the English Government has almost entirely cut off their trade in that quarter, while the Americans have signed the bond prescribed by the Chinese authorities, and have thus secured all the advantages of an open intercourse with the Chinese factors.

The capture of Metamoras by Colonel Ross and Karnes, of the Texian army is generally believed in New-Orleans, and it is supposed it will give rise to fresh outbreaks on the borders of the New Republic. Should war absolutely ensue, in the present distressed condition of Mexico, the results will be most momentous to that country. Would it be a wild conjecture to imagine "the one star'd flag" streaming from the capitol of the city of Montezuma as the issue of the strife? We verily believe such a result is not beyond all probability.

As a hoax, or to allay the feelings of disappointment at not getting the President's Message on Tuesday, certain little Johnny Horners, thinking it could make but slight odds to the eager devourers of that annual political dish, whether it was of a year's standing or fresh from the coinage of the brain, provided themselves (surreptitiously, it is said) with some copies of last year's message, and drove a brisk business for some hours in the streets. We do not hear that the circumstance created much political excitement, although we have heard that one gentleman pronounced it to be "just what he expected."

Great anxiety and most melancholy forebodings have been indulged for many days, by those who have friends and acquaintances on board the *Ville de Lyon*, which has now been out from Havre more than two months, with an unusual number of cabin and steerage passengers. It is by no means unprecedented that a ship should be thus long on her passage from Europe; still it never occurs without exciting painful apprehensions in the minds of expectant friends. Heaven grant, the natural anxiety of the many relatives of those on board this ship may be relieved by her speedy arrival.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE LIVERPOOL.

This fine steam-ship came into port on Thursday evening, commanded by Captain Engledee, Captain Fayer, her original commander, being detained in Liverpool by sickness. The intelligence brought by this arrival is, in every respect, most encouraging in a commercial point of view. There has been an increased activity in the Cotton Market, and the price has improved. The announcement of the suspension of the United States Bank seems not to have created so great an effect as was here anticipated. The stock immediately fell, but soon began to rally, and by the last quotations, it stands in advance of the quotations here, some ten or twelve dollars per share.

General and Continental news are not of especial importance. The London papers were never more dull and uninteresting. The one topic,—the money market—is alone calculated to excite any degree of interest on this side of the water, but as this subject does not come within our immediate province, we shall leave it to those who are better able to enlighten their readers on that important branch of commerce.

The Brougham hoax still remains a mystery. All the parties concerned have cleared themselves of the imputation of having designedly misled the world.

Lord Brougham has written to a friend, denying in indignant language that he originated or countenanced the hoax about his death. He says that, having been more than once killed by the newspapers, and expecting that the accident which really happened would be exaggerated, he took the precaution to write to Mr. Eden his brother-in-law, and Mr. Miller of the Bankruptcy Office, who would both have at once contradicted the rumour, but unhappily they were absent from London, and did not get his letter. Besides, he must have been aware from former experience, that by spreading a report of his death, he should only provoke attacks in many newspapers.

An act of almost incredible madness has been committed by a great body of Chartists in Monmouthshire, under the instigation of the Ex-Magistrate and late Delegate to the Convention, Mr. Frost. Many thousands of these deluded men mustered from the extensive iron-works in Monmouthshire, armed themselves with muskets and all kinds of weapons and marched to attack the Magistrates and military at Newport.

As always happens, military discipline and organization enabled the soldiers, though few in number, to triumph over the multitude of untrained or half-trained besiegers. The soldiers fired with deadly effect, and then sallied forth and charged the Chartists, who were speedily routed, and fled, throwing away their arms. A fearful loss of life has attended this act of insane treason: at least twenty persons were killed upon the spot, and some accounts say five and twenty; about fifty were wounded, and forty were made prisoners!

Sheridan Knowles' new play, "*Love*," has been brought out at Covent Garden to a crowded house, and was received with all the applause



the amiable author could desire. The critics speak in the highest terms of the three first acts, but find some fault with the two last.

Mrs. Gore has advertised a new novel, called "Preferment."

Bulwer's play, "The Sea-Captain," has not succeeded.

Whilst Naples, Florence, Rome, Nice, and other towns in the south of Europe, are crowded with foreigners, Paris is comparatively empty, and with very little prospect indeed of a better state of things. One sees everywhere bills of houses and apartments to let; and new houses are erecting in almost every quarter, not one-third of which have a chance of being occupied.

The *Memorial Bordelais* says the Queen of Spain has decided on placing the Marquis of Miraflores, the present Ambassador at Paris, at the head of affairs. It was the Marquis of Miraflores who signed the quadruple treaty on behalf of Spain.

The recall of Admiral Roussin, from Constantinople, at the instance of Marshal Soult, seems not to have been well received by the French residents at Pera. The Admiral, having been informed betimes of the arrival of his successor, had precipitately quitted Pera, and had embarked, doubtless, not to have the mortification of installing M. Pontois, who takes his place. The new Ambassador and his predecessor passed each other at the distance of seven leagues from Constantinople, and the packet boats which had them on board did not salute each other. This neglect of the usual civilities, sufficiently shows in what light Admiral Roussin looks on his recall. As for the reception he has met with at Pera, M. Pontois could not but perceive that the Frank merchants seem ill satisfied at the removal of Admiral Roussin. A deputation of merchants was to pay its respects to M. Pontois, and to put him in mind how much it is the duty of a representative of France to conduct himself so as to afford effectual protection to French commerce in the present critical state of affairs.

Mr. Pontois was scarcely in the Hotel of the Legation when he hastened to go and see Lord Ponsonby. He was extremely hurt at the reception given him by the British Ambassador.

The New Zealand question is one of vast interest and great importance. The French are mad about it. The bureaux of Ministers of Marine, War, and Foreign Affairs, are besieged with applications from capitalists, speculators, financiers, merchants, bankers, &c. for permission to form colonies, in the South Isle; for protection, for charters of incorporation, and, in one word, for all sorts of aid and encouragement in the task of colonizing, cultivating, and governing the Isle in question.

General Bernard, formerly Aide-de-camp of Napoleon, and lately Minister of War, died at the Palais Royal, of which he was Governor, after a long illness. Another distinguished officer of Engineers, Gen. Lamy, who had evinced symptoms of insanity during the late residence of the Court at Fontainebleau, also died in Paris.

A letter from Rome, dated the 19th October, states that "the Prince of Peace, who, during many years, disposed of the treasures of Spain and of both Indies, has been summoned before the tribunals of the city for a debt of sixty Roman crowns."

## The Theatre.

### THE PARK.

The return of Mrs. Fitzwilliam to the Park has been followed by an almost complete resuscitation of its wonted palmy days. This extremely clever and talented lady has now become so decidedly a favourite, and the daily encomiums pronounced on her acting are so full of enthusiasm, that we must partially forbear to indulge our inclination to descend on the general merits of her personations. The free, full, and joyous style, so characteristic of Mrs. F.'s acting, renders an evening's entertainment at the Park one of the most grateful pleasures to be found in these days of "short credits and long bills." We never meet one just from the influence of her inspiring laugh and frolic but he wears a smile on his face, and is loud in his admiration of her surpassing excellence. Night after night there is a brilliant array in the boxes, of merry and delighted listeners, and as in the days of Power, the laugh goes round, till it breaks out into a rapturous shout of applause.

The songs of Mrs. Fitzwilliam are equally admired with her acting—they are always sure of an *encore*, and the only complaint we have heard is, that she does not give us more of them. Some of them are perfect gems in their way, and have never been surpassed in sweetness and style of execution. We are happy to make this record of the reviving prospects of this establishment, and equally so, to attribute them mainly to a lady, who has won her way to her present elevation by the most untiring efforts, under circumstances little calculated to stimulate her endeavours or to elicit the full exercise of her acknowledged abilities.

In January we are to have the Vandenhoofs. They cannot fail of making a great hit. Rumour says we shall have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Kean also at the Park before his departure. We trust we may.

### THE NEW CHATHAM.

After the great success of this house with its present company, we were unprepared for the announcement that on Monday night we should have new entertainments. The celebrated pantomimists, Brown, Gilson, and Barnes, will then appear, and will no doubt revive a taste for this long neglected branch of theatrical amusements. They are said to enjoy very considerable reputation as artists, and we hope will realise the expectations entertained.

### PUBLIC DINNERS.

"Bare imagination of a feast."—SHAKESPEARE.

In the lowest deep there is a lower deep. The discovery, though of diabolical origin, is not unproductive of consolation to mortals in their misery. We eat our overdone haunch with a lightened sense of the grievous burning, if news be brought that a friend's house is on fire. The holder of fifty shares in a Short-road-to-ruin Company, deems himself a lucky man—his neighbor holds five hundred. He that is going to be hanged has his comfort—he might have been sent to the penal settlements. Deep is the wail and sharp the sufferings of the widower; but he might have been worse off, for there was a prospect of the patient's recovery.

The man who has no dinner is truly in a grievous plight: but his distress might have been aggravated. He has a pang less to endure than the man who, having no dinner to eat, has previously paid a guinea for his admission to a sumptuous feast. The fate of Tantalus involves more hardships than falls to the lot of ordinary poverty. It is Poverty in an ordinary always, and nothing to eat.

Let the poor take comfort, for theirs is a case of simple hunger; while the hunger of the rich is often attended with a sense of injury keener than the edge of appetite. The wight who wandereth from noon to dewy eve, with empty pockets and a stomach to correspond, merely endures the natural consequence of penury, and has only the common and proper unpleasantness of famine to undergo. How grateful should he be, that he is not racked by the sensations to which that pitiable unfortunate is exposed, who, seated amidst plenty, has no dinner, and whose bodily craving is accompanied by a mental torture, arising from the consciousness of having paid one pound one for the privilege of being publicly starved.

Again we say, there is in the lowest deep, a deep yet lower. Dreadful no doubt are the sufferings of the dinnerless. Come in what shape it may, or under what circumstances, hunger is a detestable companion. Granted. But there is an injury, an evil, a pang beyond that. The dinnerless themselves are less to be commiserated than some who dine. There is one thing worse, incalculably worse than no dinner—only one—and that is, a bad dinner. We confidently put it to the late Mr. Pope to say whether we are not right.

We have frankly admitted the mortification of paying a guinea for a seat at a well-stored table—three courses and a dessert at least—and returning home, after some hours of hopeless endeavor, with an appetite whose edge would cut, at the first application, half through a round of boiled granite. But harder than granite itself is the lot of him, who, in addition to the loss of his guinea, has left his appetite behind him; lost it, invaluable as it was, not in the natural and exquisite operation of dining, but in the anxious and protracted process of tasting multifarious dishes, in the vain hope of finding some dish upon the table, some one out of the several dozens, that a gentleman might be presumed to relish without forfeiting his character.

We doubt whether there is a deep beyond this lowest of all; Milton's hero himself could never have found it out. To pay as aforesaid—to sit in eager but mute expectancy—to be excited and inflamed by wild, longing, doting, imaginative guesses at to what those covers may be concealing from view—to lose no opportunity of discovering some slight matter not unfitted to be relished by an epicurean taste, beginning with the soup and ending with the *finis*, whatever it may be—to be disappointed dish after dish, duped and confounded remove after remove, until all is over—and then to fall back, after a voyage of discovery that has occupied an hour and a half, convinced of the total failure of the experiment—too certain that there is nothing worthy of being devoured, for every dish has been practically tasted—conscious, painfully conscious, that in the desperate and protracted search after a dinner the ardent stomach has over-exerted itself, and the fondly cherished appetite has fallen an innocent victim.—This we must and will insist, is something considerably more grievous than the mere undined condition which we sympathized with before.

The non-eater who has merely succeeded in nibbling up two round rasped rolls, one before covers were removed, and one during what is called "the dinner," goes home, be it recollected, with an enviable capacity of dining at any hour of the night, the sooner the better; but how should he who has experimentalized on each dish, consumed his relish for any thing, wasted his precious appetite in a fruitless search for something worthy of it—how should he retain the desired power, the enviable capacity to *sup* when he retires from the table! No, he is a man irretrievably ruined—until next day. He has been doubly taken in, and has a right to say, "attack my pocket if you will, but spare my inner man; cheat me of my guinea, but don't pick my stomach of an appetite; send me hungry away, but don't poison me."

"You envy me!" cries poor Claude in the play; "wise judges are we of each other." Who has not been envied while hastening about six o'clock into the tavern towards which a numerous dinner-party has been making its way for the last quarter of an hour, and round whose door are gathered a dozen or two of sharp-set lookers-on, with noses keenly alive to every odour that indicates the proceedings within. Wise judges are we of each other, truly! The staring, longing exclusives at the door, imagine that we are a charming party of friends—that a glorious dinner awaits us—that we are going to pass a delightfully jovial evening—that we shall have a rare time of it! Wise judges! If, instead of sniffing, they were too see and share in the festivity! But they were never behind the scenes. They know not how vast the difference between the "imagina

tion of the feast," and the feast itself! It's exactly the difference between perfect happiness and "such a headach!"

The mistake they commit is natural enough; but how odd it is that the very people who compose the public dinner-party fall into it too. They have been there before—on a score of occasions they have been guinea-givers and dinner-hunters—and yet they go again; not that merely—but they go with anticipations, contradictory of all their experience, of finding a pleasant meeting, witnessing an exciting scene, and enjoying a jolly entertainment. They hear that their friend Thompson, whose jokes are so devilish good, is to be there; and so he is, only he sits with his back to them at the table on the other side of the room;—or it is announced that Viscount Thunderbolt is to take the chair, and they had never heard a first-rate orator yet;—or the musical strength is prodigious, and they confess that they do like to hear Hobbs and Pyne, and Miss Hawes, and the Boys, and the rest of them;—or it is in the sacred cause of charity, and it tugs irresistibly at their hearts;—or it is given in honour of somebody that they cannot for their lives refuse to eat a dinner in admiration of. And so they go once more—do ye not, all ye Public Dinnerists? whether ye be London-taverners, or Freemasons, or Crown-and-Anchorites, or by whatsoever sign ye may be known!

When all are assembled in the grand room, covers being laid for three hundred, the sight is undoubtedly "imposing," and it might be not unamusing to view from the gallery the gradual arrival of the fat bald gentlemen who generally form two-thirds of the company. It is best to select a single dinner-seeker—mark him upon his entrance, see him make his way round the tables in quest of the particular plate that contains his card and is to supply his bliss—note the grumbling looks with which he surveys it, disgusted with its locality, and the scrutinizing glances at other names nearer the cross-table, taking up a card and turning it over here and there, with a strong inclination to substitute his own for it. Then he goes and shakes hands with some half-dozen seemingly-hungry gentlemen, who, having taken their seats, have already begun to break off small bits of their respective rolls, to look at their watches, and hint that nothing is so becoming in a chairman as punctuality. You will next see that he presently returns to his seat and does the same; and, as the example spreads, a considerable number of rolls vanish before dinner. Meanwhile, other people are late besides the chairman; and as they enter they survey the filled seats with little pleasure on their visages, and edge their way from the bottom of the room to the top, round the cross-table, and down again, looking out for the possibility of a seat being reserved for them, or eagerly hunting for a cardless plate upon which they may seize, or a polite steward whom they may mercilessly arrest on his passage to the committee-room to receive the distinguished chairman. And now ("See the conquering hero comes,") the distinguished chairman, ushered in by a score of white-wanded and blue-ribboned stewards, enters the room amidst as much loud and long-continued applause as three hundred gentlemen, who are quite ravenous and decided against delay, can conveniently bestow; grace is inaudibly said in the sixtieth part of a minute, and then the public dinner begins to begin. It is exactly at this point of the entertainment that we should respectfully recommend the ladies in the gallery to consider the sports terminated, and retire accordingly.

What a clatter! How instantaneous, and how universal! What a startling and violent concussion of plates, forks, and spoons! What congeniality of sentiment—what fixedness of purpose! Leonidas and his three hundred were never more resolved and united than the distinguished chairman and his desperate company. There are six-times forty feeding like one. The removal of the covers lifted the veil from the ruling passion—there it is, you see it in full play, or rather hard at work. Change but a word, and how applicable is the couplet,

"The fool consistent and the false sincere,

Priests, princes, statesmen, no dissemblers here!"

Of each it might be said, as Kemble said of Kean, "He is terribly in earnest." And yet if we pause in our survey of the general effect, where all seems to be vivid and successful action—waiters almost winged, plates skimming along the air, and elbows rivalling Paganini's, though the noise is not music exactly—if we pause to notice individual examples, we immediately observe what labour-in-vain work it for the most part is. It is much-ado-about-nothing after all. Each man may have secured possession of some soup, but not the soup he ordered, for that has gone to a gentleman who petitioned for what he has. Those who have obtained turbot, look at it, lacking sauce, for seven minutes; and when they have at last procured some absent and essential accompaniment, all perseverance is futile, all intercession idle, in relation to cayenne, without which they have obtained nothing.

The story of one course is the story of another. Every man's hand is lifted to his own mouth as often as may be, but every man's hand is against his neighbour's doing so. On first entering, there was a mixed company, but still they might all be gentlemen, being much better dressed than the dinner; now, however, a change comes over their spirit. There is a tacit but unanimous recognition of the maxim that every man should take care of himself. The principle observable at each table, at all parts of each table, and with scarcely one visible exception, though in reality there are many, is,

"That they should take who have the power,

And they should dine who can."

It seems to be a rule that the gentleman who first seizes upon the salt should keep it. It is upon the same principle that the party who sits opposite the turbot, helps himself liberally to the fins, and having pitched a rude supply into one or two plates thrust over his shoulder by beseeching waiters, drops the fish-slice, and can neither see nor hear appeals until he has finished his fins. Whosoever fixes his fork in a fowl, becomes the proprietor of it, so far as wings, or breast, or all that he himself has a taste for, is concerned. A slice of tongue is quite unattainable with your chicken—chicken and tongue too must always be considered unreasonable and romantic at a public dinner; but perhaps the desired slice is securable by itself. We make a trial; we send a plate—having little chance of seeing another—with an earnest, a pathetic appeal. That plate we never see again. With exemplary patience we await its return—time passes

on, and the dishes disappear; we have become accustomed to our hunger, and having some of the nicely-rasped roll left, we forget our application in applying ourselves to that. But at length the solid dishes have all melted away into a horrible mockery of custards and jellies! Even a wrong cut of the spoiled mutton is now irrecoverable. Grumio's "beef without the mustard" we might have had—but may not now. The tough turkey has become an impossibility. The dinner, shockingly arranged, infamously selected, and iniquitously cooked—bad as it was—is gone! and now remembering the almost longed-for, the all-but necessary bit of tongue, we once more make trial with our own. "I asked you twenty minutes ago for a slice of tongue—I have had nothing—never mind." And ten minutes afterwards the slice actually comes—it is brought, set down before us, left there. Why, it must be tasted then, late as it is. Its colour is inviting. Just as we have adopted so much of it as seemed fairly apportioned to the remaining fraction of the roll, we feel, rather than perceive, that somebody is looking at us; and there, directly opposite, is a huge gentleman, who, having necessarily occupied two seats, had come into possession of two sets of plates, with a double supply of forks and etceteras, all of which he had contrived, greatly to our loss, to make incessant use of throughout the dinner—monopolizing all godsend that came to our part of the table, and confining his whole attention to his own proceedings. And now, when he has performed his appointed task, when he has despatched all, when the very cheese charms him no longer, what is he to do but glance around him? And there, opposite, are we—alone—eating tongue—tongue at that hour—when the cloth is rolled up, and the mahogany visible, at the lower end of the table! His eyes are rivetted upon us. They reveal clearly, too clearly, all that is passing in his mind. He has not the smallest particle of a doubt, that so we have been going on ever since the far-distant era of Soup—that the fork has been in incessant employ ever since the spoon was laid down—that we have been dining, indeed, with a forty-Dando power of perseverance! Imagine the position we are in. The tongue's rich redness is faint compared with the blush with which it is contemplated. The smile on our observer's face, his stare prolonged—they are not expressive of disgust at the supposed achievement of a never-to-be-discontinued dinner—no, they are expressive of *cary*. In one minute more, just as we finally lay down the fork with a portion of the untasted treasure upon it, the attention of half the table is attracted to the awkward incident, by his ejaculating in a very audible and emphatic whisper across the table, "Waiter, here, waiter! bring me a small slice of tongue!—Waiter!—thickish!"

But all this time not a syllable has been heard or said about *wine*. The fact is, the less said the better. We never rake up old grievances; and though the wine is anything but "old," it is the more grievous as a grievance on that very account. The best thing that can be done with it, is not to drink it; but having participated in an unguarded moment, the next best thing is to forget your folly as soon as you possibly can. This will be next morning—make up your mind to that; but soda is sure to be efficacious in the end—no headache is eternal. After eight-and-forty hours hope will very possibly break in; while it lasts, this conviction will be deeply stamped on your mind—that at the tavern where you had so rashly dined in the company of the public, there are two settled rules from which no departure, even accidentally, was ever known to occur. One rule is, never to engage a cook who understands his business; and the other rule is, never to deal with a safe wine-merchant. The impression, however, will be erroneous; for it is possible to obtain, at the very same house, a nice little specimen of cookery for two or three persons, and a few glasses of port, properly so called. The real principle of business seems to be, to send away small parties with favourable ideas of the house, and to dismiss large parties with a conviction that the host's notion of "accommodation for man and beast" is, that what suits one will suit the other.

The wine, however—"port" is the name they very facetiously give to it—is on the table; and precisely because no creature more experienced or more delicate than Caliban, could drink three glasses of it, every body may take a bottle. It is a pity that the prison-discipline philosophers do not make themselves better acquainted with its virtues. Some of that wine sent over to Sydney, or circulated freely in houses of correction, would be found incalculably valuable in the speedy infliction of severe and salutary punishment. Crime would infallibly decrease with the stock of wine.

To induce people to drink it, continual appeals are made from the chair, to the loyalty, the gallantry, even the religion of the company. A lineal descendant from Stentor himself, is specially engaged to stand behind the president, and to give dreadful note of preparation for a toast by imperatively calling upon all gentlemen to "charge their glasses." Now and then there is the additional enforcement of a bumper-toast. He is always enthusiastic in his injunctions—no bumpers can be too full, no hurrahs too loud, no knife-handles too protractedly rattled for him. Something extra he ever insists upon—enough is far from being sufficient. (There was an example of this in his recent announcement at the Freemason's—"Gentlemen, the memory of Shakespeare, with three times three!") This personage is a greater bore—the assertion is a bold one, but he is—a greater bore than the rest of the orators. His addresses are beyond all comparison shorter; true—we admit this; but then they are open to this fatal objection—you can hear them! The inaudible orators are decidedly our favourites.

These constitute the great majority of the speakers. Verily, to their speech seems to have been given with a view to the concealment of their thoughts. Their addresses, however, are designated in the papers of the next morning, as "neat and appropriate." As far as dullness went, appropriate they were, and neat as imported from the latest edition of the "Public Speaker's best Companion." The manner in which her majesty's health was proposed would furnish, if anything possibly could, an excuse for disloyalty; the exposition of the objects of the charity, or the merits of the individual honoured by the meeting, would have been utterly frustrative of its intention, but that it had the advantage of being entirely unheard; and the eulogy upon the distinguished chairman would have been



an offence beyond atonement, only it had the effect of waking him up, and urging him to expedition with the other toasts, the most important one in his regard being now perpetrated. As usual, however, he is so ungrateful as to consume five minutes in mumbling his thanks, during which we profit by the example he had previously set us, and fall into a doze; from which, after dreaming that we have performed a voyage to Oporto, and are just demanding the accommodation of a bed at the sign of the "Half-bottle and Headache," we are aroused by a pleasing commotion effected by the departure of the select from the cross-table, and the election of a second chairman, to superintend the unfinished dreariness, and advance the unprofitable dissipation of the evening.

Among the anomalies of these public dinners, this is not the least—that those who enjoy the best fare should be the first to go. The seats of honour at the president's table are occupied by lucky people. They all dine. And they drink decent claret after dinner. Warren is not their wine merchant, as he is ours. Yet most of them depart at ten o'clock, moved possibly by a pitying desire to shorten the sufferings of the rest of the company. To us it has always appeared most natural that the general body of the guests should rise very soon after dinner, and depart with precipitation; the task of completing the social toils of the night being left to the privileged and hospitably-treated few who had monopolized the solid and liquid luxuries of real civilization. The reverse of this happens. And the reverse of reason seems to govern the bright eyes that rain influence from the galleries. How they keep open! The ladies are often found to remain long after their handkerchiefs have had a chance of being waved, or a cup of coffee a hope of being presented to them. It might almost be supposed that they liked starvation extremely, and were collectively in love with every individual steward who made it his special business to be unmindful of their comforts.

We have described the privileged few at the table of honour as lucky people. They are in truth lucky in dining at any price and many of them are invited guests, presented with tickets, that the board may be duly graced, and the subscription-list munificently filled up. Herein is some consolation to the mob below the dais, who dare not drink, and yet can't comfortably endure three hours of thirst. The privileged have partaken of unquestionable sherry, but they have left behind them a draft more than equal to the many they have enjoyed. They have not swallowed ink ill-disguised, as we have; yet ink is associated with their dark and sour recollections the next morning. They wish they had ordered Messrs. Drummond to pay only ten pounds to Blank Somebody, Esq., the honorary secretary! The repentance, let us say, is ungrateful. Had they not their recompense! Had they not the reward of virtue! As great Sir John says, "Were ye not paid?" They heard the acclamations with which the announcement of their munificence was followed. They listened with delight, until they could detect the distinct operation of every pair of hands clapped together and of each separate knife with which the edge of the mahogany was visited. As they took their departure down the room they might have noted the deepened dents upon the long line of table. And were they not sensible of the greatly-diminished applause at the ten-pound contribution which came next! Were they deaf to the feeble tribute with which the succeeding five-pound gift was greeted! They might almost be so, for it was scarcely audible. Yet that was loud in comparison with the mockery of admiration that celebrated the two-guinea donation: and of the fifteen boot-heels that impressed the floor then, only three were enthusiastic when the melancholy "one pound" was announced—when gradation could go no lower, and generosity had driven its hardest bargain!

Lest this should lead to mistake, let us explain, that at these public dinners the applause accorded to a benefactor, as the list of donations is read over, is almost invariably apportioned to the sum given, and not to the understood sense of the capability of the giver. The single sovereign of the poor man, whatever respect may attach to his name, is passed by as a mite unnoticeable; but the twenty-pound check of the rich man is greeted as an event illustrating the nobleness of human character. A popular name now and then carries it against all others, but in a way that only serves to show how very little the sense and feeling of benevolence enter into proceedings assuming that pure and sacred character. But this is lecturing. If out of place, skip it.

Meantime we skip to a conclusion. The second chairman makes us almost sigh for the restoration of the first. The sayer and doer of nothing is preferable to the producer of noise. To stay now is impossible, for we can hear every word that is uttered. Let us, moreover, warn the tarrier in taverns, that execrable potations, when you become used to them, are apt to acquire an insidious pleasantness. Drink from habit, and you are done. The wine is taken, not tasted; and the consequence is, what was hinted at before, such a next morning! For ourselves, we are home while it is yet night: one guinea lighter, and five hundred hats heavier about the head. But we were hasty, after all, in complaining of a deficiency of dinner. We had more than was suspected. Preparing for bed, we discover much superfluous melted butter in the coat-pocket (the waiter was agitated); and a quantity of peas, together with an oyster or two escaped from a sauce-boat, that had been jerked in their passage to the table, very snugly into the space occasionally observable between the hind part of a gentleman's coat-collar and his neck, as he sits at dinner!

## DESTRUCTIVE TORRENTS IN THE ALPS.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Refuge between Goudo and Liella, Oct. 7, 1839.

No carriage or vehicle having been able to cross the Simplon for several days, in consequence of the damage done to the road by the late *debacle*, I had no alternative but to attempt the passage on foot, or to turn back. I chose the former, as you may suppose, and in company with a friend, my *compagnon de voyage*, left Brieg on the morning of the 4th inst. The weather was propitious, and we ascended with great ease to the summit of the lofty mountain which immediately overhangs that town, winding up through the thick and strangely picturesque forest of larch and fir trees which crowns its head, and enjoying the most delicious views that it

is possible for the fancy of man to paint. Below us, at a perpendicular depth of at least 2000 feet, lay the great valley through which we had lately passed, with the turbulent Rhone coursing through it, and now looking no bigger than a mountain current; on a level with us piles upon piles of enormous mounts raised up their daring heads and strove fearfully for pre-eminence: above us—ay, ten thousand feet!—the multitudinous mountains of the Alpine range, with the eternal Rosa as the chief, erected their glacier tops and snow-clad peaks into the skies, and made the heart tremble at their presumption; before us swept a horrible ravine, deep as the eye could pierce, whose rugged sides and foaming torrent beneath, caused the blood to curdle and the brain to swim, as at every step we edged its fearful margin. Bridges uniting dis severed mountains, grottoes cut through the solid granite, galleries wonderfully constructed on the overhanging precipices, and so formed as to conduct the avalanche and torrent in safety over the head of the passenger, viaducts over infernal chasms, were all and each passed; and, pushing on untiringly in our tortuous ascent, we, in a few hours were transplanted from the burning valley of the Rhone to the icy regions of the Simplon. The lowly landscapes we had so lately hung over with delight had now all vanished from our view, and, in their stead, clouds, heavy and damp, and dark, rolled at our feet. Over head the freezing glacier and the dazzling snow showed their impending fronts, while drizzling sleet beat in our faces and our shoes sunk in the frosted dew. Six hours had now been spent; the fast-increasing sleet began to numb our hands and feet, and the damp clouds had sunk into our garments when the long-looked-for Hospice came in sight. With the utmost cordiality we were received by the four monks, conducted into the refectory, offered chambers for the night, and treated with an excellent *dejeuner*. It having been Friday, no butcher's meat was offered us; but an admirable pottage of barley, macaroni deliciously cooked, pastry, vegetables, fruit, and several bottles of exceeding good wine, gave us a high relish for fasting-fare, and left us nothing better to desire.

It was now only two o'clock, and we had already walked eighteen miles. We resisted the monks' kind invitation and advice to rest for the night at the convent, and we proceeded for the village of Simplon. We had received an accession to our number of two young Frenchmen, whom we met at the convent, and, having passed the highest point, near 5000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, we began rapidly to descend in the midst of rain, which increased at every moment. Simplon was gained; and here, had we been wise, we should have been content to rest. But onward we pushed for Goudo, a little village about five miles lower down. The rain came down, not in showers, but in torrents; the road lay through hideous chasms and along awful precipices, of which no words could picture the form or aspect; the waters tumbling into the raging gulf beneath us. Saturated to the skin, appalled with the convulsions around us, and withal charmed with the splendour of this sublime war of elements, we could not forbear to pause as we crossed the twin torrents that fall from the Kroubach and Lavin glaciers. And gaze with wonder and trembling on the furious junction of these Alpine streams, where, raging and roaring like ten thousand lions, they tumble into one impenetrable den, and issue forth with redoubled violence under the name of the Diverio. In ten places had the road been overflowed by these dreadful torrents, which carried down with them rocks and trees and everything that impeded them; and in four places had it been either entirely carried away, or rendered impassable, save on foot, and at the danger of death either from the falling stones or the force of the waters.—Through these, and by the grand cascades of Alpirbach and Zwichbergan, and along the fourth gallery of eighty paces in length, through the top of which the cascades had formed a passage in two places, we advanced, and at length arrived at the wretched hamlet of Goudo, where we found a melancholy shelter in the only place there that bears the name of an inn.

All the night of the 4th the rain fell with a fury known only in Alpine regions; and on the morning of the 5th, notwithstanding that it still poured with undiminished violence, and that we were admonished not to stir at the peril of our lives, such was our anxiety to leave the horrid hole in which we were housed, that we resolved to make the attempt to reach Domo-Dossolo at any risk. One minute had not elapsed from the moment of leaving the inn ere we were completely drenched. But what a scene enveloped us! Hitherto I had seen Nature sullen, grand, and threatening, but passive in her puissance; now she was wild, ungovernable, active, in the very paroxysm of her frenzy, in the drunken exhibition of her power. Turn the eye which way you could, nothing but chaos.—Beneath, the waters of a hundred torrents, heaved from adamantine rocks whose tops outstretched the sight, lay rolling in the torturing abyss, the "sweat of their great agony" rising in steamy clouds, and giving to the gulf in which they leaped the semblance of a boiling hell. Above the huge black split, as it would seem, by some former convulsion of the same elements, stood up in horrible perpendicularity, ready to close again above you, and sent down stones and trees and earth with desperate violence. Before you lay the road, broken in fifty places, and running in the very centre of danger—between the tumbling rocks and the raging whirlpool. A sheet of impetuous water, hurled from a height of five hundred feet at least, and falling across the entire road, first made us pause. With desperate resolution one of the young Frenchmen dashed forward at full speed, and cleared it with safety. The second followed, but not with equal success, as he received a severe hurt on the hand by a stone carried down by the torrent, but, which, fortunately, merely grazed it. I and my friend followed successfully, although the flood on the road was knee deep, and the fall of water at least ten paces in breadth. Another, and another, and another, not so fearful in appearance, but really more dangerous, were passed in the space of a quarter of an hour. We had then arrived at the hamlet whence I write. Here we were entreated not to proceed, as certain destruction awaited us: but, elated with our success, and careless now of wetting, as we were completely drenched, we disregarded their advice and went forward. At fifty paces another, and a frightful cascade lay before us, dashing over the road, of which it had carried away half the breadth, into the onward sweeping gulf. The Frenchman, with his usual intrepidity, first plunged in, gained the middle and fell. A scream of

horror was all the assistance we could give, as, once in the infernal surge, and all human aid would be in vain. A huge rock, cast down on the preceding night was his salvation: to it he clung, gathered strength to resist the torrent, and beckoning to us not to attempt to follow him, replunged backwards, and regained us without injury. There was now no further hopes of advancing, and we, for the first time prudently sought the nearest refuge. A chamber forty paces in length, rudely paved, with a sink in the centre to carry off the water that poured through the roof, was our asylum, whither, also, were housed half a dozen horses, as many mules, several sheep, a flock of goats, two pigs, and a score of ducks, besides some ten or twelve muleteers, drivers and mountaineers. In a corner of this huge room, which, was, indeed, a veritable ark of the deluge, a large fire of wood blazed in an enormous black chimney, round which we were soon seated, drying our soaked garments; and thus surrounded by the gaping throng of murky men, and our half naked, soiled, and wayworn figures thrown into the strongest relief by the red fire-light, we formed a picture such as Rembrandt alone could with justice portray. Nested in a sort of cockpit—ascendible only by a ladder, with the furious Diverio barking and foaming beneath our only window—into which the four of us were crowded, two in a bed, and serenaded during the night by the bleating of the lambs, the grunting of the pigs, and the tinkling of the bells of the mules and horses, not to mention the heavy pattering of the rain which dripped through the roof on our beds, and the cries of a sick infant, and, worse than all, tormented by a swarm of unmentionable little animals, who incessantly nibbled our unfortunate bodies, it may well be supposed that ours was no bed of roses. Morning dawned, but the deluge still proceeded, augmenting, if augmentation were possible, every moment in its violence. To all the horrors of the preceding day was now added others. The lightning swept, not in single flashes, but in perfect sheets, that seemed to enwrap the world, while the awful peals, reverberating from peak to peak, rattled as if the last fatal day had come and all was about to be reduced to wreck and chaos. The genius of a Milton or Dante might give a faint idea of these convulsive throes of agonized nature, but should they even attempt to paint them in colors like reality, they would fail to do so. All day and night of the 6th, and all this day, these indescribable horrors have proceeded, and I fear there is no chance of any diminution. Not since 1754 has any thing like it been witnessed; the great inundation of 1834, which did so much damage, being nothing in comparison. By the accounts gathered from the mountaineers, the stupendous route of the Simplon is almost entirely demolished. Brieg, that has suffered so much by the sudden melting of the ice in September, is now one lake, and a scene of irreparable havoc. It is impossible to say when the deluge will cease, or when I shall be enabled to quit this asylum of temporary safety. The wind has veered round a little, and we have some hopes that the rain will cease. If not, the whole valley will be one whirlpool, and you may write "*finis*" to the end of this letter.

Baveno, Oct. 10.

The cries and prayers of the unfortunate have at length been heard.—The deluge which has poured upon the Alps and their neighborhood with such fatal results has at length ceased. Four days and nights did it descend without a moment's intermission, and with a fury almost unprecedented, swelling the torrents to bursting, inundating the low countries, and bringing destruction, dismay, and death to the dwellings and to the very hearths of the unhappy inhabitants. On the evening of the 7th, the wind, which had blown from the south, veered round to the north-east, and with the clearing heavens the rain ceased to fall. At that period the violence of the torrents was at its height, but such was the rapidity with which the accumulated waters descended from the mountains that in a few hours they had considerably diminished, and by twelve o'clock next day they had so far discharged themselves into the valley as to give us, who were imprisoned in the dreadful vale of Vedro, some hope of making our escape.—On the 8th, about eleven o'clock, we left the refuge, between Goudo and Isella, guided by four stout mountaineers. God! what a wreck—what desolation—what chaos—lay before us! An earthquake could not have left more appalling traces of its wrath. It would seem as if all the demons of destruction had been let loose to revel and do their worst on this devoted region. Rocks, of a size that would make them appear as immovable as the earth itself, hurled from the highest cliffs and peaks, and scattered about like pebbles in the ravine, in the villages and across the road. Torrents poured from new and hitherto unsuspected beds, rushing over gardens and uprooted plantations, and exulting over the foundations of demolished habitations. All symptoms of cultivation and of human industry vanished, and nothing but ruin, total and unrelieved, on every side. Of the splendid military road of Napoleon, from Goudo to Crevola, nothing remains but a few wrecks, just enough to show where ran the great rout of the Simplon. The two new and beautiful bridges leading into Varzo have been so completely swept away that of one not a vestige is left, and of the other only a few stones. Here houses have been rolled with the rolling torrents down the savage gulf of the Divedria, and the wretched habitants sent wandering over the wild rocks for shelter, glad at having escaped a shocking death. To attempt to describe our journey out of this horrible ravine would be absurd. Led on by our intrepid guides, we had to plunge into foaming torrents, black with maddening rage—to climb precipitous heights strewn with loosened stones, tottering over our heads and ready to fall at the least agitation—to scramble over crumbling earth and insidious sands, in situations where one slip would lead to instant annihilation—to cross raging floods astride upon poles laid across the yawning gulfs from rock to rock. The dangers and the sights of that day will never be erased from my mind, for not in the widest stretch of my imagination had I ever conceived anything as really existing half so horrible. Near Isella I was struck with one thing eminently remarkable even in this scene, where all was eminent. A piece of the road, of about 30 paces in length, which had been cut through the living rock, and which, consequently, would have been supposed to be the most secure and irremovable of the whole work, carried, with the flinty foundation on which it was laid, into the all-receiving vortex, stood there high and unharmed as if in mockery of man's art, the enormous base on which it was laid having been undermined by the hell of waters lashing beneath it.

Having made our way in the manner I have mentioned to Crevola, and passed the noble bridge in that place, which bravely outlived the deluge, we felt some relief from the apprehension of a horrible death, but the scene before us was, if possible, more heartrending than that we had just escaped from. The beautiful vales of Piedmont, their orchards, their vines, their plantations, and their fields, turned into one vast desert of sand and slime—the yet ruling waters being the only disputant to its undivided empire. Such convulsions and visitations amidst mountains and ravines, sprung as these are from the contentions of the elements, are in some sort natural; but in the midst of fertile plains and populous vales they fill the mind with tenfold astonishment—they strike the heart with tenfold anguish. All the road to Domo-Dossolo was broken into a hundred fragments, and utterly impracticable, except on foot; and thus I may say that from Simplon village to Domo, a distance of about twenty miles, the passage of the Alps, with the exception of a few fragments, is entirely destroyed. What damage may have been done from Simplon to Brieg I cannot of my own knowledge speak; but report says it is equally extensive. Every town and every inn on the line is filled with persons and vehicles arrested by this misfortune, and little or no chance have they of either going on or returning. A few weeks may, perhaps, render the route passable by pedestrians, but I have it from one of the inspectors that carriages will not be enabled to pass earlier than next spring. Had but a little care and money been yearly expended upon this superb work the present affliction would have been in some measure alleviated; but the road has been let to fall into disrepair, mended merely temporarily, as occasion required, and that in the worst and most slovenly manner. It is said the King of Sardinia more favours the passage of Mount Cenis, as leading through a greater extent of his territory, and that he is, therefore, indifferent or averse to the Simplon route. It is also said that the Emperor of Austria has no objection to the shutting up of the great highway for the French into his Italian dominions. But whatever be the real cause of the neglect, it is lamentable to see this unequalled monument of genius and art falling into decay, and sinking under the combined attacks of those elements it was intended, and for so long a time has successfully striven, to subdue. We reached Domo on the evening of the 8th, and left it next morning, still having the misery to pass through nothing but unmitigated ravage. The splendid bridge which crossed the Torce at Masone was so wholly swept away as not even to leave a trace of where it stood, and the road to Vogogna was intersected at every few paces with the impetuous mountain streams, which nothing could resist. The pretty and populous town of Ornavasco, between Vogogna and Heriola, presented one of the saddest spectacles it is possible to conceive. Torrents fierce, and of a volume scarce imaginable, were rushing, even on that, the second day after the subsiding of the deluge, through the doors and windows of the ill-fated houses, the streets being choked up ten or twelve feet with the stones and sand which had been previously carried down and there deposited. A volcanic eruption could not have left behind it a greater accumulation of earth and stones than was thrown upon this half-buried town by the irruption of the mountain waters. Like another Hebruleum, it stood overwhelmed with ruins, deserted, and half hid under the earth, while a few solitary individuals stood looking over the devastation of their homes and the blasting of their hopes with leaden aspects and fixed eyes—pictures of despair. The elements would appear to have here reached the climax in their war upon humanity, for as this was the most afflicting sight we met with, so it was the last. From Ornavasco to Heriola, although some remains of the inundation yet rested on the land, yet the greatest portion had drained off, and the road remained almost entirely perfect. At Heriola what a change! From unbounded rage to the most divine peace—from hideous deformity to the most exquisite proportions! The lovely Lago Maggiore lay before us, reclining, like a Sultana, at voluptuous ease—her beauteous bosom heaving and swelling at unequal intervals, the expiring throbs after a late violent passion—and her breath fragrant with the delicious perfumes of the citron and olive trees. There she lay, clothed in her robes of the brightest green, spangled over with uncountable gems, which sparkled like a firmament, and blazed in the rays of the cloudless sun—the far Rhetian Alps standing round her couch like domestics, obedient to her wish and auxiliary to her pomp. Never did anything appear to me so like a dream—so like a *coup de theatre* as this sudden transition from the savage to the gentle. It was as if some kind, good-natured genii had, with a stroke of her wand, transported you from the fell magician's devilry to the enchanted abodes of enjoyment and delight. And here I shall take advantage of the sweet languor of the clime, and take a short siesta, that is at Baveno, where I now repose, lapped in Elysium, and fanned by the odoriferous airs of the all-smiling lake. I may conclude with *Othello* in exclaiming—

"If after every tempest comes such calm,  
May the winds blow 'till they have wakened death,  
And may the labouring bark mount hills of seas  
Olympus high! and duck again as low  
As Hell's from Heaven."

## THE CORSAIR;

A GAZETTE OF LITERATURE, ART, DRAMATIC CRITICISM, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS & T. O. PORTER.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Editors do not contemplate establishing permanent agencies, preferring to risk the few casualties of the mail, and they invite their friends to address them directly through this medium. But they will allow a commission of 20 per cent, to those agents or canvassers, who transmit, with the name and residence of the subscriber, the amount of one year's subscription, deducting the commission.

A few copies of the back numbers from the commencement may be obtained by a early application at the Publication Office for the same.

Great care is taken to forward the *Corsair* strongly enveloped, and legibly directed, by the earliest mails throughout the Union.

The Publication Office is in the basement of the Astor House, on Barclay Street, a few doors from Broadway.

E. L. GARVIN, PRINTER.